

# The Rambler,

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## CATHOLIC LENDING-LIBRARIES.

WE have already on more than one occasion insisted upon the desirableness of establishing in all our large towns (and generally, wherever there is a mission capable of supporting it) Catholic Lending-Libraries; and we return to the subject to-day in connexion with what we spoke of in our last Number, the present condition and probable progress of popular education. In the last generation, a Catholic lending-library would have been practically useless, because few among the class of people for whose benefit such an institution would be chiefly intended would have been able or willing to profit by it. But now the case is widely different, and every year the difference is becoming more and more palpable. Of the rising generation a very large proportion are being taught at least to read, and for the most part are put in possession also of those elements of knowledge which will enable them to comprehend what they read; moreover many of these, when they leave school, will be imbued with a positive taste for reading. But all this will be useless, or rather a great deal worse than useless, if we do not provide them with good serviceable books upon which this taste may be profitably exercised. We are afraid that in too many instances incalculable mischief has been already done to Catholic young men and women of the middle and lower classes from the want of this essential requisite. Such persons cannot afford to purchase books for themselves, even if books suitable for their use were readily to be had; but they either borrow from their neighbours, or hire from some circulating library; and in either case we need hardly say with what deleterious matter their minds are soon corrupted. In a letter which will be found in another part of our pages, it is stated that an investigation was once made into the contents of some ten or twelve of our ordinary circulating libraries (we mean, of course, such as tradesmen or mechanics can avail themselves of), and that when books of a trashy or

positively pernicious character had been eliminated, the residuum was found to be considerably less than one per cent; only one volume in 150 even pretended to have a moral or religious tendency. And if we were to make from this miserable remainder the still further deduction which a Catholic censor would find himself obliged to make, by setting aside those books which, though professedly moral and religious, were violently anti-Catholic, or, to say the least, very un-Catholic, how much good and wholesome food for Catholic minds do our readers imagine could be found in all the circulating libraries of London, Liverpool, Manchester, Leeds, Birmingham, Bristol, Sheffield, and those other populous cities in which large numbers of Catholics of the working classes are so thickly congregated? If any one thinks that we have over-estimated the badness of the books in ordinary circulation amongst the lower classes, we would only beg him attentively to study the title-pages of the publications which he will see ornamenting the shop-windows where libraries of this kind are established; and if he is not satisfied with the badness of those which are thus publicly exhibited, let him penetrate into the interior and ask to be allowed to look at the catalogue, or enter into conversation with the shopman and ascertain what books are most greedily asked for, and what class of periodicals obtain the most ready sale amongst his customers. Having thus satisfied himself of the *quality* of the literary food with which the intellectual portion of his poorer neighbours are being supplied, let him next turn his attention to the *quantity* of it that is daily consumed; and for this purpose, let him ask some zealous priest of his acquaintance just to take him on one of his rounds for sick-calls one day, and let him reckon up as he goes along the number of houses which he passes that are engaged in this traffic. We suspect he will be startled at the sum-total, as we ourselves were when first our attention was drawn to the subject.

Nor are we arguing from mere probabilities and sketching an imaginary picture, when we talk of the evils which must ensue to Catholics from these establishments, and from the want of any of an opposite character to which they may have recourse for their own use. We *know* of instances in which the minds of intelligent and respectable Catholics in the humbler classes of life have been perfectly poisoned by the perusal—not merely of immoral tales, foolish romances, and the like, which they have persisted in reading against the whispers of their own conscience, but of works of altogether a higher stamp, which they have read simply for reading's sake, and because there was nothing else within their reach that



they could read—Protestant and Infidel histories. A young shoemaker, for example, is found reading Tom Paine's works, "not for their religion," as he said, "but for their politics;" and on entering into conversation with him, he has proved to be well read in such books as Volney's *Travels*, Voltaire's histories, *et hoc genus omne*; and amongst other important truths which he has gathered from his study of these veracious authors, he has satisfied himself that the priests were the sole authors and responsible causes of all the horrors of the French revolution, &c. &c. He has borrowed these books from his master's library, "who has plenty more of them, and is very willing to lend them," and he has access to two or three other libraries of a similar character, and there are such and such other young Catholics amongst his friends and acquaintances who frequently come to borrow books from the same person. "He would be very glad to read other books, *if he could get them*; for he has never felt happy and comfortable since he took to reading them, and so he has left off going to the clergy and bides at home on Sundays; but *where is he to get other books?* these are the only libraries he knows of, and there ain't no *good* books there."

This is a true picture, and, we suspect, by no means an uncommon one; and the frightful evil which it indicates is one which, unless it receive some timely and vigorous check, cannot fail of constantly and rapidly increasing, until it assumes the most gigantic proportions, under the high steam-pressure of the present educational movement. The poor are being taught to read, and they must and will read; and if we do not provide them with good books, the devil will be quite sure to provide them with bad. Next to the priest and the school-master, we look upon a good library as one of the most essential requisites, under existing circumstances, for the thorough *furnishing* of a mission; and we may quote, in support of this opinion, the language of a circular addressed by several Canadian Bishops to the clergy of the dioceses of Quebec, Kingston, Montreal, Bytown, and Toronto. The document from which we quote is dated from the Bishop's Palace, Montreal, 11th May, 1850, and parts of it have already been published in this magazine.\* "It is evident," say these assembled Bishops, "that to prevent the people from reading bad books, it is of importance to supply them with good ones; for every disease has a special remedy. We recommend, therefore, the immediate establishment of parochial libraries, *each parish or mission, as appears to us, being able to procure its own.*" Encouraged by this authority, we venture to recommend the

\* Vol. vi. p. 272.

adoption of the same measure for the benefit of our own people; it is certainly as much needed here as in Canada, and might, we imagine, be much more easily executed. We believe that libraries of this kind have been already established in some of our chief towns with the happiest results; and in order to do what we can towards promoting their establishment generally throughout the country, we take this opportunity of fulfilling a promise made nearly two years ago, but which we have allowed to remain too long unredeemed, namely, of publishing a list of books suitable for the purpose. We have had great difficulty in making a selection; and although we cannot expect that all our readers will be satisfied with it, we think it may tend towards such a result, and have some other advantages besides, if we state briefly the principles by which we have been guided in making it.

It is quite clear, then, that in establishing a Catholic library, we have two things to consider,—the precise nature of the want which we purpose to supply, and our means of supplying it. As to the first, a Catholic library should, we think, be made to answer the double purpose of providing innocent entertainment and useful instruction to the reading portion of our middle and lower classes and to the more advanced scholars from our schools, and also to that numerous body of Protestants from among the same classes who are constantly seeking information about our belief and practices, but who have not the means or the inclination to provide the books containing that information at their own expense. In the present state of England, any Catholic library which was not formed with a view to this double result would most inadequately supply the public need, and involve a culpable neglect of existing opportunities of doing good. Amid the general unsettlement of men's minds in all directions which is so eminently a characteristic of the days in which we live, the class of Protestants to whom we have referred is continually increasing; and it is a most necessary work of charity, therefore, to place within their reach all the means of acquiring information about the Catholic Church and her doctrines which it is possible they should enjoy as long as they remain external to her communion. The various conflicting theories of Protestant heresy are rapidly losing favour with the great bulk of the nation; and those whose moral nature causes them to draw back with horror from the abyss of unbelief which is yawning before them, not unfrequently seek a solution of their intellectual difficulties at the lips of some Catholic acquaintance, whose undoubting faith is at once a puzzle to them and an object of their envy. We have therefore admitted into our list a greater number and



variety of controversial works than would have been necessary, or even desirable, for the use of Catholics alone. On the other hand, the age and intellectual attainments of the scholars for whose tastes we have also to cater, and whose wants are far from being the last which we would desire to see satisfied, necessitates the introduction of another class of works which may seem at first sight almost too childish for our purpose. Such then is the general character of our wants; literature for the young, for older Catholics of various degrees of intelligence and of mental cultivation, and for inquiring Protestants. Now what are our means of supplying these wants? We fear, it must be confessed, that the difficulty in establishing such libraries as we have described is twofold; first, in respect of money; secondly, of books: and of these, the difficulty of raising money is undoubtedly the least. A very few pounds, judiciously laid out, would go far towards setting the thing decently afloat; and when once started, it might easily, under proper management, be made self-supporting afterwards. With a view to practising economy, however, as far as possible, we have abstained from multiplying books of the same character, even at the cost of making invidious comparisons, and have named that only which seemed to us to be the best in its class. The difficulty with respect to books is not so easily to be disposed of; the truth is, that, as we have often had occasion to remark, there is a lamentable scarcity of good Catholic books suited for the use of the middle classes, and little or no encouragement to provide them. We have a superfluity of big books and little books written against Protestantism in one shape or another; but of books that are really interesting and instructive to persons of the class we have mentioned who are already Catholics, there are very few. The "Historical" and the "Entertaining and Instructive" Libraries in the Clifton Tracts will furnish us with some by and by, when the several subjects are completed and the tracts well arranged in separate volumes; but this is a slow process; and we wish the editors could feel themselves justified in undertaking an extension of their plan, and publishing an occasional *volume* under these heads, without sending them through the preliminary process of distribution throughout the country in the form of homœopathic globules. Perhaps the very measure we are now advocating of the establishment of lending-libraries may prove to have a powerful tendency towards calling a new class of Catholic books into being; we sincerely trust it may have such an effect; meanwhile, persons engaged in forming a lending-library of any size for the use of Catholics will find themselves compelled to admit into their shelves a certain number of works



on general subjects published by Protestants, but not containing any thing positively immoral or heretical.

One of the advantages attending this proposal of founding Catholic libraries in connexion with all the missions in England, is the extreme *elasticity* of the plan. There is no necessity for any complicated machinery of any kind, while yet, on the other hand, it might be made the nucleus of almost any thing. Where the mission is small and its resources limited, an outlay of a few pounds and the superintendence of the schoolmaster,—or if the mission is unable to command the services of this functionary, even the priest's housekeeper,—is all that is requisite to put it on an effective footing. But in our large cities, where Catholics are numbered not by units, but by thousands, a good lending-library might soon engender a reading-room, and in a reading-room we might have lectures, and lectures—but we will not prolong our hypothetical sorites; it is enough to have thrown out a hint to the spirited and practical among our readers; to others—should we have any such, which we will not for a moment imagine—no amount of instruction, however detailed, would be of any real service in enabling them to put plans into execution. Only on the subject of public lectures, we would beg to refer our readers to some remarks which we made on a former occasion,\* and which we desire now to repeat, with the most intense conviction of their justice and truth, and with all the authority which the practice of the Church in America, as exhibited in the persons of some of the most distinguished members both of her hierarchy and of her religious orders, may be supposed to give them.

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## KATE GEAREY; OR, IRISH LIFE IN LONDON.

### CHAPTER XI. *The Temptation.*

NOT only to the family of Lord Lindore, but to Mrs. Selby herself, had Josephine preserved a total silence on the subject of her meeting with the Earl of Norville, thereby sparing herself the multiplicity of questionings and surmises in which that good lady was prone to indulge whenever an event occurred that she did not quite understand, or about which she considered that she ought to have been consulted. For more than a week Miss Bradshawe had to listen to ambiguous speeches “on the impropriety of a young lady's not returning home at seasonable hours—of being seen alone in the streets at night,

\* Vol. v. p. 500.

and the folly of affecting singularity ;" this was generally succeeded by a rigid cross-examination as to the manner of Winny Pratt's death, the probable spread of the cholera, &c. &c. However, in process of time even this subsided, and Mrs. Selby's attention was divided between the perplexities of the "laburnum pattern," and the still greater difficulty of removing a stack of hostile chimneys, the smoke of which *would*, every windy day, take possession of her back windows, committing violent assaults on her snowy dimity, and which for years past she had purposed inditing as a nuisance the first convenient opportunity. Nor was this all ; the chapel, of the congregation of which she had formed one for the last seventeen years, having for about the tenth time during that period been purchased by a fresh sect of Protestants, she was too busy accustoming herself to the peculiar tenets of the self-styled "*Saints*," to have leisure to bestow even a passing thought on her niece, whose spiritual blindness (however it might be deplored) she had long since abandoned all hopes of removing. Yet, to do the old lady justice, she had singularly liberal ideas regarding religion ; she rarely passed cathedral, church, or meeting-house without entering, considering herself equally on the high road to heaven, whether assisting at the Puseyite form of worship, or seated the admiring spectator at a Jew's synagogue. Neither had she any objection to Catholics ; she considered them "a very good sort of people," and had no doubt, if they would do away with confession and fasting, "they would benefit their cause and augment their numbers." When in the country she often went to their churches, but in London it could not be done, as the "*Saints*" would be offended ; and she had lately been nominated an elder, and voted in by one of the congregation as "worthy to take the sacrament." Since that time she had been favoured by visions and voices, which manifested themselves in so extraordinary a manner, that the uninitiated might have considered her slightly deranged, her ecstatic dissertations on their meaning forming probably one of the severest trials of Josephine's patience. Yet with all this, Mrs. Selby was excessively fond of her charge, and, as the only child of a nephew she had idolised, was peculiarly sensitive to any slight she received from "the proud race," who she pertinaciously persisted was honoured, not degraded, by an alliance with a Bradshawe. That there was something the matter with the "girl," she was certain, and equally so, that of this something Lord Lindore (whom she could never bring herself to regard with thorough cordiality) was the cause. So she guessed and fidgetted, and made up her mind a hundred times, and was yet as far from

the mark as ever. It was, however, certain that Miss Bradshawe's visits to Grosvenor Square became less frequent than before; though, whatever her motives, they were closely enshrouded in a corner of her own heart, or rather conscience, for a sharp strife between duty and inclination was rendering her pale cheek paler than ever, and visibly undermining a naturally delicate constitution. To analyse her feelings would have been, even to herself, a difficult undertaking; for, sooth to say, although she had been schooling them for six long years, they even now eagerly watched their opportunity to rebel against the mental discipline she sought to establish. Josephine was far from exempt from the weakness of humanity; though enthusiastically attached to her religion, and humbly grateful to her God for the grace which had led her to a knowledge of the truth, she could not, strive as she would, forget how very dearly she had once loved Edgar Wellborne, now Earl of Norville. On being exiled from her uncle's house, she had cast no lingering look of regret on her forfeited position, estranged friends, or the loss of what the world styles pleasure. The weight of the blow was diminished by its very severity, and Miss Bradshawe resigned herself to the change of circumstances with an equanimity which wounded the self-love of the Earl, gratified Mrs. Selby, and rather puzzled every one else. But all the consolation her new religion could afford was required to wean her from the remembrance of him whom she had resigned at the very moment she had prized him most; and however strictly she adhered to the line of duty she had drawn for herself, there were moments when the constancy of her nature and intensity of her feelings raised a storm in which her frail resolution must have been infallibly wrecked but for Her on whom she rested with the trusting affection of a little child; Her who, though exempt from human failings, had drained to its last drop the chalice of human woes: Mary, the humble, the immaculate, the pure! Mary, the extirpator of heresies, and, under that title more especially, the convert's friend.

Still, for the first three years, Josephine's sufferings were intense. Lord Norville was abroad; and well was it for her she was thus spared the temptations his presence would have awakened. Hers was not the disposition to repair broken ties by forming fresh ones, and it was but slowly she could be taught to sanctify and purify those predominant passions, only dangerous when ill-directed. She had hoped in her first fervour to be able to strip off human frailties, as she would divest herself of some garment when weary of its fashion; and the severe mortifications she endured from her repeated



failures were not always borne in a proper spirit of humility. For a considerable time she would shrink within herself at the bare mention of a name once so dear; though by repeated schoolings she at length conquered so far, as to receive with at least outward equanimity the intelligence of his engagement with Lady Angela Malvern. When this family secret was being imparted with due ceremony by the countess, Miss Bradshawe, who felt her uncle's eye was on her, comported herself with such perfect indifference as to baffle even his penetration, and make him marvel more and more by what witchery the wayward and impetuous girl had learnt to subdue her feelings, without crushing at once a heart the innate pride of which he so well knew. The worst part of Josephine's task was, however, accomplished. Lord Norville's love was now the *right* of another; and as she gazed in the radiant face of the young Angela, she felt that as far as *he* was concerned, she had nothing more to hope or fear. A rapid change for the better took place in her character; less morbidly sensitive in her feelings, less alive to the want of refinement in her associates, duties became pleasures; she could now smile with real cheerfulness, and learnt to interest herself in what she would before have contemptuously regarded as a trifle, carrying her self-denial to such perfection as to pass occasionally through the ordeal of Lady Lindore's parties without considering herself more than half a martyr. Of course she must some time or other meet the bridegroom elect,—but how? where? Often did she detect herself making the inquiry of her heart, and still more frequently wondering whether her pretty spoiled cousin were really worthy of one possessing those high intellectual acquirements and that unbending firmness of character which had engaged and rivetted her own early affections. 'Tis true the thoughtless little beauty had during her first season bestowed no inconsiderable portion of her smiles on the youthful scion of nobility alluded to by her father in a preceding chapter as Charles Howard. 'Tis true she had spoiled her beautiful face by pouting, and her bright eyes were suffused by something very like a tear, when informed by her mother of the intended alliance already settled to the satisfaction of the female heads of either family. Her reluctance had, however, little weight with Lady Lindore; Angela was her only daughter; earls were not to be met with every day; as to humouring the romantic folly of a girl of eighteen, it was not to be thought of; so she was talked to, lectured, and bribed, until, her head full of carriages, point-lace, diamonds, and opera-boxes, she informed Josephine very gravely, she thought it must have been a mistake

of her own, and that she really was in love with Lord Norville after all. How much the temporary absence of his rival had to do with this discovery may be hereafter seen.

It was not, however, to be concealed that they were an ill-assorted pair, and matters neither proceeded so rapidly or prosperously as the Countess had anticipated. The gay and heedless Angela had from her very childhood been the darling of one parent, the pride of the other. Courted, followed wherever she went, exacting and receiving the most deferential homage from her numerous admirers, no wonder that the calm unimpassioned manners of a suitor, who had secured the consent of her parents before her own, and did not at all times seem *quite* blind to her imperfections, struck a chill to her heart, making her by no means anxious to quit a home where she decidedly formed the first thought and principal object of attention to all. On the other hand, Lord Norville was not always pleased with a light-heartedness which to one of his temperament savoured of frivolity; so that a want of confidence gradually sprang up between them, which promised but ill for their future felicity. This was their relative position when his unexpected encounter with Miss Bradshawe had rekindled a passion in his bosom, never totally extinguished, and caused him to ponder seriously on what he now termed his own obstinate folly, which had separated him from her he loved, and almost united him for life to one whom he felt he could never have rendered happy. After some days of bitter inquietude, his mind was made up. One more interview with Josephine, he would then explain himself to Lord Lindore, who had been all along a quiescent rather than a consenting party. The difficulty was, how to obtain this interview; he positively haunted Grosvenor Square, without catching even a passing glance of her whom he sought; and he was about to abandon the plan he had formed and speak to the Earl at once, when an unexpected accident favoured his wishes.

It was on a bright sultry morning in July, that Lady Angela, attired in the most becoming manner for a horticultural fête, from which she expected to derive great amusement, escaped from the hands of her maid, and entering the drawing-room tried to wile away the time until her mother should be ready. The carriage was at the door; but the Countess, who inherited no trifling portion of Italian indolence, never hurried herself, and her more mercurial daughter knew she had a full half-hour to wait. She took up the nearest volume, but she was in no humour for study, so she threw it from her, and struck a few chords on her harp; alas, the instrument was out of tune. She viewed herself over and over again in a lofty mirror,



anxious for an excuse to summon Pauline to her assistance ; but no, her costume was faultless ; and as a last resource, she seated herself on an ottoman, striving to arouse her favourite little spaniel from his siesta by pulling his long ears, and pressing him rather roughly with her foot ; but May, after one or two uneasy movements in his dreams, slightly snarled, and curling himself round still more comfortably, slept on. Almost out of patience, Angela was about to re-ascend the stairs, when a servant announced Mr. Charles Howard, causing her to start, blush, look exceedingly foolish, and feel uncertain if she ought to quit the apartment or stay.

“Your pardon, Lady Angela. I had hoped—that is, I thought—to have seen Lady Lindore.”

“Mamma will be here directly, pray sit down.” And she re-seated herself merely because she felt incapable of standing. Young Howard did not, however, follow her example ; biting his lip, he exclaimed somewhat bitterly,

“There was a time when I flattered myself my presence would not have so disconcerted the Lady Angela Malvern. It was but last week I returned from Rome, and not until yesterday I learnt I might with *certainly* congratulate her on her approaching marriage with the Earl of Norville.” During this address the colour had deserted her cheeks, and the rich tassels of her girdle suffered considerably from the efforts of fingers not often so industriously employed ; she, however, tried to smile, and stammering out something about being very glad or very sorry, she was not certain which, gazed wistfully at the door, wondering if the Countess ever meant to appear. Charles Howard was very handsome, very much smitten with Lady Angela, but neither very old nor very wise, or he would never have been guilty of the unpardonable folly of falling in love with the only daughter of an earl, more especially as, though of ancient and honourable descent, he had a father still living, and three elder brothers, two of them married and blessed with progenies, such as precluded all fear either of the extinction of the time-honoured name, or of the family estates devolving upon a younger branch. Now the intended union of the “fair ladie” of his love with Lord Norville, though considered by others the most natural thing in the world, was in his estimation an act little short of high treason. She had danced with him, smiled on him, nay he was almost sure half sighed when he bade her adieu last year ; and for his part, he had thought of her, dreamed of her, and once, when rehearsing for the private theatricals which constituted one of the winter amusements of the British Embassy at Florence, had addressed his Juliet of the hour by the more musical name of Angela, thereby eliciting peals of mirth from the



spectators, when he expected showers of tears, smelling-bottles, and pocket-handkerchiefs. Under all these circumstances he considered himself perfectly justified in upbraiding her with perfidy, and making himself miserable for a time. Hoping for an opportunity of executing this romantic resolution, he had proceeded to Grosvenor Square, and much to his astonishment, found himself, without quite knowing how, alone with Angela. Her visible and unlooked-for agitation gave him courage; though not very well knowing how to begin, he darted forward, and bending his knee, prepared to address her in the most approved theatrical style. This was too much for the courage of a naturally timid girl; hastily rising, before the enamoured swain had time to commence his appeal, she hurried towards the door, at the threshold of which she encountered the innocent cause of this demonstration, no less a person than Lord Norville himself. Conscious of the ridiculous figure he was likely to cut, young Howard regained his feet and effected a very speedy exit; whilst Angela, though crimsoned with blushes, had the good sense to return to the apartment, and after anxiously glancing at the face of the Earl, waited until he should enter on the subject. To her great surprise, wonder was the predominant expression of his countenance; jealousy, anger, there was none. Taking her hand, he calmly led her to a seat, and placing himself beside her, merely inquired if she would answer him simply and candidly. On her bowing assent, he continued, "Then, Angela, do you really entertain a partiality for Mr. Howard? that he does for you, I must infer from the attitude in which I found him; and remember, not only your future peace, but mine depends on your present sincerity."

"I do not wish to render any one unhappy," she replied; "I would much rather you spoke to mamma; she knows more about it than I do." The *naïveté* of this remark made him smile; he had, however, too much at stake to be so easily contented. He therefore replied, kindly though firmly, "It is better you should answer yourself; have you made any promise to Mr. Howard?"

"No, that I certainly did not; we used to dance together last season, and talk; and—and perhaps he thought—but the news of our engagement surprised him, or he would never have acted so foolishly," and a large tear trembling on her long lashes did not escape the notice of her companion.

"Nay, my dear girl, you cannot deceive *me*, though you may yourself. Were there no mamma in the way, the Lady Angela Malvern would rather be the wife of Charles Howard, with all the disadvantages attached to her position, than she would of the wealthy Lord Norville, whom she considers

grave, though not old enough, to be her father. Now, smile again, and trust to me; I am a very safe confidant; we will talk of this hereafter. Shall I find the Earl in the library?"

"I do not think he is at home," she answered, breathing more freely, "but will you tell him I expected Josephine; she must keep him company until we return." It was now her companion's turn to look confused, although the entrance of Lady Lindore prevented its being remarked by Angela. A slight bustle ensued; and after seeing the carriage drive fairly away, Lord Norville re-entered the house, desiring the servant, if Miss Bradshawe called, to shew her into the library and let him know, adding, as though in extenuation, he had a message to deliver from Lady Angela. The man, however, never very remarkable for his punctuality, allowed Josephine to remain a considerable time in the house before he remembered the latter portion of his injunctions; and when the Earl entered, he found her so deeply engaged with a pamphlet which she had taken up from the table, as not to notice his presence until he was close to her side. When she did look up, there was a deep flush on her cheek, though it was evidently the offspring neither of pleasure or confusion, and her lip was slightly curved as she rather haughtily returned his mute salutation. One glance at the salmon-coloured cover of the book she held explained the mystery. Lord Norville inwardly groaned as he recognised the "Annual Report of the Ragged-school Union," of which Lord Lindore, as already hinted, was so staunch a supporter. Not knowing exactly what to say, he hesitated, when Miss Bradshawe broke a silence he alone felt to be awkward, by observing, "There appears some slight discrepancy between the rules of this association and the notices of the schools; the latter teem with calumnies of so gross a nature, that I am only surprised they obtain credit from any individual one degree above the most illiterate. I thought the days were past when such phrases as 'machinery of the Popish system,' 'altar denunciations,' 'bigoted Papist,' 'worshippers of a God made of flour and water,' to say nothing of those 'underground vaults reminding one of the cells of the Inquisition,' could make more impression than Blue Beard, Jack the Giant-killer, or other similar productions, *formerly* considered the exclusive property of children of a smaller growth. Yet here I find them first gravely read before, then printed and circulated under the sanction of, a committee, who certainly must have offered their understandings as a sacrifice on the altar of their zeal." The turn the conversation appeared likely to assume would

have discomfited a more able politician than Lord Norville. Josephine was, however, too full of her subject to notice his embarrassment, and continued with some warmth, "Your sixth rule expressly enjoins, 'that those children be *alone* admitted who are *destitute of any other means of instruction*;' yet in their reports your zealous and well-paid missionaries complain that 'Catholic parents force their children into the Romish school,' in some cases resorting to the unheard-of expedient of taking urchins (who, having arrived at the mature ages of six and seven, are of course competent judges of their own actions,) by the shoulders, and, as is more than intimated, by a special understanding with the Roman See;" and throwing the book from her, she concluded by observing, "Do you really think my uncle gives credit to all this folly? or is he worked upon by others?"

"His opinions seem to make little impression on you, Miss Bradshawe," said Lord Norville, internally wishing the pamphlet had never left the society's office. "Dare I say you yourself are to blame for the unfavourable eye with which Lord Lindore regards Romanists? Have you not proved a bigot in the strictest acceptation of the term?"

"Probably you would take the trouble to define the word 'bigot;' it is a pet phrase with Protestants, and generally applied to those who do not think proper to believe one thing and practise another."

"Shall I then substitute enthusiast? Is it *necessary*, when a young lady becomes a Catholic, in opposition to the wishes of her natural guardians, that she should be found near midnight in a court infested by the wild and lawless, who"—

"Wild, if you will, but not quite so lawless as you imagine; neither, as a rule, is it *necessary*. On the occasion you allude to, it was to comply with the request of a fellow-creature in her last extremity. Can the Earl of Norville find an equally justifiable motive for his presence, where, I must say, he was neither expected nor required?"

"Perhaps, Josephine," he replied, "you might have had something to do with an act which I candidly acknowledge to have been imprudent. Will you hear my explanation of the circumstance?"

"No," she answered, half-jestingly; "my own failings are more than sufficient, without burdening myself with yours. I am in no way accountable for the rash performances of others; and even if serious evil had accrued, I could not have blamed myself, however I might regret it."

"Yet do you know," he continued, musingly, "I often hoped the faults of these people must sooner or later disgust



you with the religion for which you thought it right to desert that of your baptism, and have expressed myself to that effect to your uncle."

"Then you were deceived," said Josephine gravely. "There can be no more convincing proof of the divine origin of Catholicity than the pertinacity with which the lower order of Irish adhere even to the most minute precepts of a creed which they cherish as dearly as their own existence. The most ignorant have a faith clear and defined; a faith which they receive, not because it is written in books or taught by men, holy though they be, but because it is transmitted from age to age by the Holy Ghost Himself, through the medium of those invested with sacerdotal authority. This they know so well, that they would regard as a sacrilegious mummary an attempt to administer one of the Sacraments by even a dignitary of the Protestant Church, no matter how high his rank. I once knew a father steal a dying child scarce three hours old from one of the hospitals (under his coat), lest it should be baptised by a parson, knowing, if he could not succeed in finding a priest, a Catholic lay baptism was preferable to the random sprinkling by which the souls of these poor children are so cruelly risked."

"But why," inquired Lord Norville, insensibly interested in this discussion, "if such be their faith, do they not act up to it? why bring disgrace on both their country and religion by habits of intoxication and natural idleness?"

"First premising that crime is not nearly so rife amongst them as amongst English Protestants of the same class, I will endeavour to explain this seeming inconsistency. The Irish born in London, or, as your report there styles them, 'the Cockney Irish,' have in many cases been deprived of their parents at a tender age, and having no natural protectors, have been consigned to the workhouse. Here, as far as their bodies are concerned, they are treated with kindness or cruelty, as the case may be—too often, I fear, the latter; but for their souls, it is *a fact*, that however strenuous an endeavour be made to inculcate 'good sound Protestant principles,' it is always unsuccessful; they forget they are Catholics, or rather retain only the name, and issue from those soul-destroying walls a disgrace to the members of their own religion, a scandal to those of others. So they go on during life; at the hour of death a priest is generally sent for, though I regret to say they oftentimes die without, thus depriving themselves of the slender chance (for it is but a slender one) of a death-bed repentance. Now whom, may I inquire, have we to thank for all this? The Protestant legislators of the land; and it does

seem a hard case that Catholics, who, despite the other imperative claims on their slenderly stocked purses, contribute their proportion also towards the support of workhouses and unions, have to feel that in the existing state of affairs such of their little ones as once enter there are in all human probability destined to mourn the loss of their immortal souls; they invariably quit those places destitute of any fixed principle of belief whatever. Have not the majority of those who daily throng our police-courts learnt their first lessons in vice from evil associates picked up in the parish workhouse? and for the females is it not still worse? In fact, I consider it next to a moral impossibility for a young girl, however well disposed, to escape the contamination of the example she there beholds."

"You surely would not do away with workhouses altogether?" inquired Lord Norville: "what would you substitute in their stead? No properly organised government can hold together without them."

"In a Protestant country they are, I grant, necessary evils, though, if you remember, your own Cobbett satisfactorily proves we once contrived to get on very well without them. Now suppose your philanthropic rulers, instead of raising the hue and cry they do (as if we were worshippers of Moloch, or a horde of wild Indians come to invade a peaceful territory), would assist us with a little of the money they are wasting on missionaries, Bible-readers, and 'Christian females,' for the attainment of that impossibility, our *sincere* conversion to Protestantism, *we* could endow our present orphanages and erect new ones, whilst *they* would confer a more radical benefit on society, and lessen more effectually the amount of crime, than by permitting the above-mentioned phalanx to prowl about, employing promises, bribes, and resorting to the most disgraceful subterfuges, in order to draw up a report for the next Exeter-Hall meeting, scarce a word of which any one of you credit."

"Yet," said Lord Norville, inwardly much struck by these arguments, "do you mean to tell me all the inhabitants of those Buildings, of which I had lately so unfavourable a specimen, were reared in an English workhouse? If not, in what do those born in Ireland differ so materially?"

"Not only in their faith, but their superior morality; for there really are many in that very court whose simple piety and strength to resist temptations might be a source of edification to every one of us. I could point out some from whose conversation I have derived more benefit than from the most eloquent discourses of my days of Protestantism; and how often, when witnessing the resignation of the poor under phy-



sical sufferings, have I blushed to think, that with every comfort and means of amelioration, I have chafed and fretted under some ailment too trifling to bear comparison with the tithe of what they endure! Neither you nor I, Lord Norville, have ever felt what it is to *want*, to rise early, lie down late, no firing during the day, the bare boards at night; starving in the very midst of abundance, yet knowing that the crumbs, the very offal, the food of the pampered domestic animals in the house of some wealthy neighbour, would renerve the strong arm, give blood to the wasted heart, or restore to life the mother of your little ones, perishing before your very eyes from famine."

"But their habitual intemperance, their want of cleanliness,—do you excuse this?"

"Certainly not; intemperance, though often in the first instance resorted to in order to still the cravings of nature or to drown mental sufferings, is still, in the eyes of Almighty God, a crime and the parent of crimes. Far be it from me to extenuate it, either in the half-starved Irish labourer, who expends his last penny in gin, or the proud English noble, who, without the same excuse, indulges the same vice at a more costly price. But for their squalor, their positive dirt, I think had we the means, we could find the way to remove at least *that* odium (deserved as it at present is) from them."

"In that case, Josephine, you would indeed work one of the miracles for which your Church is so celebrated." This was said somewhat sarcastically, and Miss Bradshawe, with a heightened colour, continued,

"Give me the gold, and I will work the miracle, as you so irreverently style it. The tenements at present inhabited by the lower order of Irish are the most unhealthy, dilapidated, and ill-situated for the purpose in London; generally in the very midst of a fashionable, and therefore expensive neighbourhood, hemmed in by lofty walls, to the exclusion of every breath of fresh air, ill-drained, and devoid of the very means of cleanliness. Two or three of these skeletons of houses are generally taken by an individual, who lets them out in apartments at two, three, four, and in some cases five shillings a week, whereby, losses included, he himself clears a profit of about sixty per cent; and as he seldom lays out a farthing in repairs, not even to mend a square of glass, these leaseholders generally make a good thing of it. Now as it is not to be supposed the tenants can afford to pay this sum for their cellar, garret, or even first floor, they in their turn take in lodgers, as many, nay more than the room can conveniently hold; and since they are obliged to give long credit, or even put up for



weeks together with the chance of a coal or share of a bread ticket, in lieu of the current coin so impossible to come at, the whole speculation generally terminates by the broker being sent in, and the little articles of furniture sold, more to get rid of a tenant who can no longer pay, than for their actual value. The dispossessed family either become lodgers in their turn, or after crouching for days, nay weeks, on stairs and in entrances, repair as a last resource to the union, where the whole family are separated, never perhaps to meet again in this world."

"Yet I am quite sure in more respectable neighbourhoods lodgings may be had for less than you mention. I have an old pensioner who only pays five shillings a week for a comfortably furnished room."

"Your old pensioner has not six or seven noisy half-naked children, nor will they in your 'respectable neighbourhoods' allow the rent 'to run;' but for this, I know many of our poor who would have quitted the Buildings long ago, as when out of work it is impossible to meet the weekly demands with any thing like regularity."

"But what remedy, in the name of reason, could you possibly propose for so extensive an evil?"

"That of building lodging-houses—a plan I know to be already entertained by many Catholics, although, of course, it would entail considerable expense; and even as a body, I doubt if we are rich enough to make it generally beneficial, unless it could be rendered in some measure self-supporting. I mentioned this once to my uncle, but I think he imagined, instead of asylums for our poor, we intended erecting barracks, from whence conspirators were to issue ripe for the destruction of Church and State; yet if we can once procure a piece of ground, we should be inclined to try the experiment, giving in the first instance preference to such families as would subscribe to the rules (that of cleanliness, for instance, to be rigidly enforced) and endeavour to pay the very moderate rent fixed. After all, the public in general would be the gainers; they would have the satisfaction of knowing that vegetables and other hawked wares are stowed for the night in airy and well-adapted places, instead of standing in the corner of an over-crowded room, or, what is just as likely, forming a portion of the bedding, lest they should be appropriated before their owners are awake. Now," she continued, laughing, "I am quite out of breath, and only hope my plans have made a convert of you."

"Could the doctrines of your Church be as clearly explained as her views of practical charity, I should have been converted, as you call it, long ago, and I—dare I say *we*?—have

been happier. I have listened to you, Miss Bradshawe, not only patiently, but with interest; it is now my turn. Nay," he added, taking her by the hand, and replacing her in the seat she had just quitted, "this is neither just nor generous; hear me fairly to an end you *shall*, even if we then part for ever." Feeling the folly of resistance, Josephine re-seated herself, and, after an internal aspiration for strength, prepared to listen with at least the semblance of composure.

"You cannot—it is not in human nature, however pure and exalted that nature may be—you cannot have forgotten what we once were to each other, although I now believe my feelings were the strongest, the most enduring of the two?" He paused as though he would fain meet with contradiction; but receiving no reply, continued, "Ours was not the passing affection of our age; we owed our happiness neither to birth, rank, or fortune; it was based on similarity of pursuits, tastes, feelings; in short, we were friends before we were lovers; there was no opposition from relatives, no impertinent caprices of friends, to be apprehended or studied; the current of our love ran smooth, and in proportion deep; together we formed our plans, not only for our own future happiness, but for that of our fellow-creatures:—and I must interrupt myself to remind you, who are so very zealous for their welfare, that none of those plans have ever been put into execution."

"Almighty God willed it otherwise," answered Miss Bradshawe calmly; "He has assigned me a fresh sphere of usefulness, more humble, and less exposed to the shafts of self-love. I am content."

"So am not I," said Lord Norville bitterly. "Does not that very expression savour of selfishness? has it not ever struck you in the moments of reflection, that you had no right even to ensure your own felicity at the expense of another's? Did you never reproach yourself as the cause of the hours of youth wasted in frivolity, not to say sin, and which you might have prevented? Did you never inquire if you were justified in rending asunder the chain you yourself had helped to forge? And for a matter so trivial, that ——"

"Do you call a difference in religion, the salvation of immortal souls, a trivial matter, Lord Norville?" inquired Josephine in an accent of unfeigned astonishment. "You acted generously, nobly on the occasion, but I did my duty; true, not unrepiningly, but yet, thank God, *I did my duty*."

"You acknowledge, then, you were not altogether insensible to the pain you so *heroically* inflicted. I suppose you shared it in about the same degree as the surgeon feels for what his patient endures under the knife."



"Of course I was not insensible," she answered gently, willing to soothe his irritation, though more and more puzzled as to its cause. "I was grateful to you *then*; and although circumstances have altered our relative positions, and time abated the ardour of our mutual sentiments, I am grateful to you still."

"And you are happy, Josephine?"

"I have no cause to be otherwise; am I not fulfilling my vocation?"

"I do not understand what you mean by vocation," he petulantly rejoined; "all I have to say is, I never disliked Catholics half so much as since you became one; such conduct is enough to disgust any one with the religion."

"Why, what *have* I done?" she replied, with difficulty suppressing the smile which she was conscious must give pain. "I really beg your pardon if I have been the cause of scandal to you; it was quite involuntary."

"Of course you must be aware you have for the last six years been a continual source of anxiety both to your uncle and myself. It cannot be very pleasing to him to find your talents completely thrown away; nor to me to be liable any day to hear that you have fallen a victim to some disease engendered by contact with those whom you might more effectually benefit if you would but listen to me."

"I should indeed be grateful for any suggestion for their greater good, poor things," said Miss Bradshawe, disregarding the former portion of his speech; but I warn you beforehand we must have no interference from ragged-school teachers or visitors from Bible-societies. Better their bodies waste from want, than the soul perish eternally."

"You wilfully misunderstand me, Josephine. Did you not but now say, had you the means, you would find the way? those means can, shall be yours. In one word, my engagement with Lady Angela is dissolved."

"Not on my account, I trust, Lord Norville," she exclaimed, rising with dignity; "rest assured that —"

"No, not on your account, though you have much to reproach yourself with that it was ever entered into. From your overstrained notions of duty, your young and too yielding cousin might have been doomed to pass her life the wife of a man for whom she merely entertained a cold respect, whilst her warm heart incessantly cherished the image of another. Now, thank God, we both are free; and whilst ensuring the happiness of Angela, it rests with you to decide how far *I* am to participate in it." Miss Bradshawe turned very pale, but not being quite unprepared for the turn the

conversation had taken, she merely assumed an attitude of attention. "You recollect our parting," continued Lord Norville, "and the sacrifice I then offered to make of prejudices, interest, and in some measure conscience. This sacrifice you rejected; it was, I am aware, deemed lightly of in the full-blown ardour of your recent conversion; but if I ever admired, loved you more than at that moment, it is now, when in renewing the offer I then made I can only add, give me but time, and I too, for thy love, may yet become a Catholic."

Miss Bradshawe's eyes filled with tears; she trembled slightly; then shaking her head, after a few moments' reflection exclaimed,

"Why have you unnecessarily exposed us both to so severe a trial? Is not my duty the same as it was six years ago? Can I consent to be the temptation in your path? If for my sake you falsify your conscience, better, far better, never become a Catholic."

"I thought," said Lord Norville sarcastically, "you would risk much for the sake of gaining a convert. I have heard your priests scruple little at the means, provided they attain the end."

"You have doubtless heard much that is untrue, and I grieve to see have yielded easy credence to it; with you I must therefore be explicit. Know then, whatever my feelings might otherwise be, I hold a mixed marriage as displeasing in the sight of God, and prejudicial to the spiritual interests of all concerned."

"This is indeed scrupulosity; I could name many instances where friends of my own are married to Catholics, a convincing proof that your Church permits ——"

"The Church *permits*, as you have truly said, but does not *countenance* such unions. Believe me, where they do take place, they are generally productive of much misery, sometimes undying remorse, and this in proportion to the affection between the parties. Would they could be altogether prevented; but this the present state of society renders impossible."

"And you deny that you are a bigot? But, Josephine, I have an argument stronger than any I have advanced: can you in conscience refuse the infinitely wider field for the benefit of others which wealth such as mine would open before you? As a Catholic, do you, *dare* you refuse my offer?"

"Were you a Catholic, I should answer, Almighty God would accept no offering, however it might otherwise redound to his greater glory, if made at the expense of conscience; as



it is, I can merely say, let this be the last time the subject is broached between us. I am neither cold nor insensible, and deeply do I grieve that an accidental meeting should have re-awakened sentiments I had hoped had long since taken another direction."

"Then, Miss Bradshawe, I am again refused." He drew himself up to his full height, mortified pride and wounded affection struggling for mastery in his bosom. "Catholics are indeed mere machines, beings without individuality, heart, or —"

"*Heart* has nothing to do with my present decision, Lord Norville; I am simply following the safe yet more rugged path of duty. Would that I could convince you of this, or do any thing to soften your present disappointment."

"How can you convince me that affection for another, not this duty of which you talk so earnestly, does not influence your conduct?"

"Easily," said Josephine. "Edgar, hear me. I loved you once, I love you still, though with a purer, better-tryed affection, for now I prize your immortal soul; and never will I peril that soul; never will I lure you on by what might be a merely human motive to profess the faith, which I would otherwise lay down my life to see you embrace; yet solemnly do I promise never to bestow on another the hand I now refuse to you, though you would secure my happiness by wedding one more worthy of you than her of whom you must now think no more."

There was an energy in Josephine's manner, a lofty determination in her tone, which carried conviction to Lord Norville's mind and agony to his breast. He could not trust himself to speak, but pressing her hand to his lips, hurried from the room to conceal the tear which was wrung from his proud heart; yet as he did so he involuntarily exclaimed—

"This, then, is a member of that religion stigmatised as sparing no art to entrap converts, no means to acquire wealth, and above all, of keeping no faith with those of a different persuasion. God, not man, must have prompted such a sacrifice."

## CHAPTER XII. *The Cholera.*

It will be long ere the August of 1849 fades from the memory of the present generation, more especially those whose business or duty retained them in London during a season now become a mournful epoch in the lives of many. For more than twelve months previously had the cholera been talked of

and expected, nay its very route was distinctly traced; the sea-winds laden with the deadly moisture of the Mediterranean had swept over every tract of inhabited land, ravaging, and in many cases partially depopulating the whole chain of countries from Affghanistan to Southern Russia, from whence the transition to Central Europe was both natural and swift. The intense heat of the preceding summer, when the temperature had for months averaged  $90^{\circ}$ , had occasioned a disorder which, though modified, was so suspicious in its nature that a medical board was formed to watch its progress, whilst sanitary committees were called upon to bestir themselves, in order, if possible, to avert the impending calamity.

But this mysterious disease seemed to baffle their every effort, setting at nought any fixed rule either for prevention or cure. Capricious in its attacks, it would in some instances pass over the habitually dissipated, to descend with fell swoop on those who had never infringed the laws of temperance; though it must be remarked, that recovery was in the latter class of patients more general, as the complaint usually assumed a milder form, probably owing to the action of the lungs being less impeded. The inhabitants of confined, ill-ventilated neighbourhoods were of course the greatest sufferers; but the mansions of the wealthy were far from being exempted from the visitation of a pestilence esteemed by many, and those not contemptible authorities, to be identical with the "black death" or "sweating sickness," which had for centuries visited Persia, Asia Minor, and Europe itself.

And London at the period of which I write was truly a "city of the plague;" go where you would, the funeral crossed your path, though unheeded in the bustle of business or amusement. Strange to say, a town-funeral carries no warning, no moral to the hearts of those to whom it is as every-day an occurrence as the city omnibus or the light neck-endangering carts of the Parcels-delivery Company. Who in the tumult of life has time to sorrow for the dead? Yet even the casual observer could not fail remarking how frequently the fresh mourning habiliments bespoke the recent loss, or the closed shutters pointed out where the corse remained still unburied. Talk with whom you would, the cholera formed the theme; contagion, non-contagion, the efficacy of friction, bleeding, wet sheets, were discussed by all. The most opposite opinions were strenuously advocated: now to alleviate by a single drop of water that burning thirst, which constitutes one of the most excruciating torments of the disease, was certain death; at another time, copious effervescing draughts were an almost equally certain cure. And hence it happened in many



cases (especially amongst the poor), that positively nothing was done by the paralysed attendants, until the mass of blood, refusing to flow, thickened within the distended veins, forced clammy moisture from every pore, and gave to the skin that deadly tinge of blue which, when accompanied by lethargy and want of pulse, announced the stage of collapse, as fatal though less painful than the more active state of fever, where spasm and nausea produce sufferings fearful to behold, and in most cases impossible to ameliorate.

It is scarcely necessary to mention that the courts and alleys with which this great metropolis is every where intersected were peculiarly exposed to the inroads of a disorder, the general agents of which are atmospheric vapours and intercepted currents, whether produced by impassable mountains and dense forests, or the close streets, high walls, and narrow low-pitched rooms, which man delights to erect in every large city, as though to torture and debase his fellow-man; to say nothing of the impure gas inhaled from rotten vegetables, and the still more deadly miasma of the human breath when confined within an apartment without any legitimate means of ventilation, and situated perhaps several feet below the surface of the earth.

Probably none laboured more under the twofold scourge of sickness and want than the inhabitants of C—— Buildings. The workhouse doctors were at first tolerably prompt in their attendance; and as the sufferers were in most cases immediately removed to the hospitals, the living were spared that awful proximity with a corpse, where putrefaction in some measure preceded death itself. But even this trifling alleviation to human misery was not, could not be, of long duration; the hospitals and infirmaries became crowded, and it was an everyday occurrence to see beds filled in the morning with cholera patients who were borne to the dead-house in the forenoon, their berth before night to be again occupied by fresh sufferers. The poor Irish looked upon the public institutions to which they were carried with unmitigated horror. It was not that all that circumstances permitted was not done to alleviate their pain; the nurses were kind, the house-surgeons indefatigable, and to *some* of the hospitals their priests had easy access, so that there was little fear of *their* dying without the sacraments. Still it grieved them to see their Protestant neighbours (it is a sad truth, but truth must be told) expire without any one to cheer their last moments, no one to read to them or talk to them, unless some Catholic, like the good Samaritan, stood by their side and whispered words of consolation, avoiding controversy—for what could it *then* avail, when

the moments of the sinner were already numbered? But can we conscientiously blame the Protestant minister? In most cases the married father of a large family, and with a sincere conviction that his presence at a death-bed could be of no real benefit; who, I say, could blame him if, following the dictates of nature, he left others to perform what any one could do as well as himself, and studied the preservation of those to whom he might convey contagion, and for whose temporal advantage he had perhaps adopted his profession? Many and painful were the scenes to which this neglect gave rise, and amongst them to one which, though fortunate in its results, might, but for the Divine mercy, have proved otherwise.\*

So long expected and talked of, the cholera had taken none, much less Catholics, unawares; and Josephine had, some time before its real outbreak, chalked out the line she felt herself called upon to pursue. On the disorder she had read much, consulted many, and, being of a naturally fearless disposition, she could not consider it a duty to abandon the care of the poor because it *might* be attended with risk to herself; she was so far a non-contagionist as to believe it was only in the dead body that infection lay, although, before the cessation of the pestilence, she had more than one convincing proof that her rule was not without its exceptions. Before the disease had raged so fearfully as to render the hospitals a secondary consideration, Miss Bradshawe was in the habit of visiting them to say a few prayers for such as were already prepared, and to see that none ran a risk of perishing without spiritual assistance. It was on one of these occasions, as she was about to depart, that a woman, who lay in a bed in the corner of one of the wards, shrieked after her in a voice of thrilling agony, "For God's sake, madam, just come here; I am dying." Josephine obeyed, and discovered an elderly female, one of the helpers, but now herself a patient, struggling with all the violence of unimpaired muscular strength against the spasmodic action of the nerves. She had evidently passed from the state of collapse into that of active fever; the cramps, now seizing the limbs alternately, now fixing on all together, required the force of three or four attendants to prevent the patient flinging herself out of bed. The spasms having fixed in the chest and upper extremities, the countenance presented the appearance of a corpse after disinterment, the whole body being of an indigo tint, rendered still more ghastly by the lack-lustre eyes, and lips at once swollen, black, and parched.

\* The reader must not forget that there were honourable exceptions to this rule, *e. g.* in the clergy of St. Saviour's, Leeds, and others.



By the side of this pitiable object sat an elderly man, weeping; his dress and manners betokening that he moved in a grade of society superior to that of the unfortunate woman.

"Miss Bradshawe," she gasped rather than uttered, "this, this is worse than hell! Do you call it charity to hang over your own people, and leave me to perish because I am a Protestant?"

"I did not know you were ill, Johnson," answered Josephine, taking in hers one of the cold glazed hands, and pressing it affectionately. "What can I do for you? only tell me."

"I sent for the clergyman—but—he will not come. Can you bring me a Wesleyan preacher? Any thing; I care not, so he can save my soul. I have been a great sinner—and—no I dare not die as I am—they told the chaplain I had the cholera, and he said nurse could read me a chapter in the Bible. Will no one help me?"

A frightful scream terminated these disjointed sentences, whilst the nurses laboured in vain to give temporary ease by applying flannels steeped in turpentine to the legs and stomach. During this, the man before mentioned rose from his seat, and in a broken voice addressed Miss Bradshawe:

"Madam, I am a butler in a nobleman's family, and that unfortunate being is my sister. I need scarcely say it was her way of life that reduced her to becoming the helper in a parish infirmary; we have not met for years, but I heartily forgive the disgrace she has brought on her family. I implore you, if it lies in your power, to ameliorate her distress of mind. What renders her so wretched is, that she has never been baptised, and some one has put it into her head she cannot go to heaven without."

"No," exclaimed the sufferer, "I am not a Christian; Mary told me so before she died. She had the cholera worse than I have, and the priest came to her, and stayed with her, and did not seem afraid at all, and she was so tranquil after, though her agony made *us* tremble, and she expired so happily; and here am I left to go like a dog."

"If you really wish for baptism," answered Miss Bradshawe, "I will send Father Horton, though I fear there will be little time for instruction."

"God bless you; I feel sure I cannot be saved unless I am baptised, and I know your religion must be the true one, or why are you so anxious for your poor when they are dying? It cannot, I have often thought, be a pleasant thing for ladies and gentlemen to come here at all hours; and they wouldn't do it either, unless there was more need than we knew of.

But oh, be quick, or it will be too late ; I have been so great a sinner, I dare not face God as I am." Suppressing her emotion, Josephine hurried towards the chapel-house ; Father Horton was at dinner, but it needed no second summons to despatch him on his errand of mercy.

On her visit to the cholera-ward the following day, Miss Bradshawe learnt, to her inexpressible satisfaction, that although Johnson had expired the preceding night, she had not only been baptised, but received the sacrament of extreme unction, leaving with almost her last breath a blessing for her, to whom, as the instrument of Almighty God, she was indebted for procuring the means of salvation.

Never, probably, had the priests of the London district to contend with such an accumulation of physical sufferings, distress, and misery, as during this eventful summer ; and it is here worthy of remark, that although continually exposed to contagion, hard worked during the day, and with scarcely two consecutive nights' rest unbroken by sick-calls, not one of them fell a victim to a disease whose ravages were felt by every other class of society. Yet their exertions were almost superhuman ; for although the locality where I have fixed my tale belonged to a chapel neither considered to possess so large or so poor a congregation as many in the metropolis, it might perhaps excite some surprise in the bosoms of those who accuse Catholics of "neglecting the education of their poor," and making no efforts "to keep pace with the age," were they told this *small* congregation averaged *twelve thousand*, of whom during the year full *ten thousand* at one season or other require relief, some only occasionally, others at all times ; about a thousand subsist on their own industry ; and the remaining thousand are able, in a greater or less degree, to assist their poorer brethren, and to contribute towards the support of a Church which in this country depends entirely on the piety of its members, and their zeal for the religion they profess. Now to contend with this mass of human wretchedness, how many were the labourers in the vineyard ? Four ! at the best of times inadequate to meet the spiritual wants of their flocks ; but the demand for priests over the whole district being now so great, no additional assistance could be procured. So they girded themselves for the task ; the harvest to be reaped was great, and they prepared to enter the field in the very teeth of death itself, not only without a murmur, but with joyful alacrity ; not from any enthusiasm of the moment, but with the same lofty resolve, the same generous self-denial, which characterised the martyrs of old, which *will* characterise the priests of God's Church even to the end of the world. 'Tis true the Catholic



priests, though their numbers when compared to the ministers of the Established Church in the immediate neighbourhood were but as 1 to 20, possessed over the latter an advantage which more than compensated for this deficiency. The black banner of plague was unfurled, the red flag of famine met them at every turn; but *they* had no home-ties to keep them back; their bride was the Church, their children the poor; and whilst a coin remained in their purses, they could share it with the beggar, without a scruple of robbing those whose prior claims were advocated by nature herself. Nearly three years have elapsed; we can now look back upon that fearful time as on an event that is past; the excitement is over; we view things as they *were*, and it perplexes us more and more when we reflect how much was done, how little left undone. The numerous offices of the Church proceeded as usual; there were the seven services on Sundays and holidays of obligation, the daily masses, marriages, baptisms; the long hours spent in the confessional oftentimes stretched far into the night, for the fear of impending death drove many to that sacred tribunal who had absented themselves for years. Even from this would the priest be summoned to the bed of death; did he find rest on his return? No, one duty accomplished, he hastened to another, never dreaming of refreshment or repose whilst one soul remained to which he could either afford consolation or assistance; and then, when these offices of charity were done, twenty chances to one but a portion of his office still remained to be said; and when at last he threw himself on his bed, it was only to be roused by a fresh sick-call, almost before his eyes were closed in sleep. There are few Catholics to whom all this is not well known; but if perchance these pages should reach the eye of any who differ from us in creed, let them remember that these are the men (not indeed these very individuals, but the class of which they are a fair sample) on whom the Protestant journals consider no calumny too gross to be heaped; against whom the orators not only of Exeter Hall, but of assemblies where more toleration might be expected, inasmuch as their members are considered superior both in point of birth and intellect, publicly declaim; whilst in more private meetings they are gravely accused of violating the whole criminal code from petty larceny up to murder, and that too with an impunity which, in a country so remarkable for the vigilance of its detective officers, is indeed little short of miraculous. These, too, are the men to whom the epithets "slothful," "avaricious," and "designing" are the milder terms applied in every-day conversation, and on whose actions the most glaring misconstructions are placed; and all this is

done or said—by the prejudiced and illiterate? no, but by those who on other points exhibit a clear-sightedness and depth of judgment which cause them to be looked up to by their fellow-creatures; thus adding the poison of influence to the arrow already barbed, we would fain hope, by ignorance.

Over C—— Buildings the death-blast swept with all its fury, rendering impotent every attempt to arrest or even to weaken its force. Rare indeed were the cases in which the victim was snatched back to life, sometimes perishing before medical aid could be procured, often dying whilst an attempt was being made for his removal, but in scarce a solitary instance passing away without the assistance of a priest; and even then through no fault of his, but because he was not made acquainted with the attack until the vital spark had fled. In the front attic of one of the houses in the turn-court a family had resided for years, multiplying of course until the room seemed too small even to hold them; yet there they remained, literally *packed* at night, absorbing almost every portion of oxygen, until in lieu of atmospheric air a species of animal humidity was produced, acting as poison on the frames of those by whom it was inhaled.

It was about half-past ten on the Sunday before the Assumption, that Miss Bradshawe, who had attended an early Mass, entered the Buildings, anxious to ascertain how it fared with one of the younger girls, who had, it was supposed, been attacked by the dire disease. In a corner of the turn-court her attention was arrested by a group of school-children, who stood clustered together, perfectly quiet, and with an air of mysterious importance. In the hands of a few were the well-known purple-covered hymn-books, and after a preliminary pause the two following stanzas reached the ear of Josephine:

“ Faith of our Fathers ! living still,  
In spite of dungeon, fire, and sword,  
Oh, how our hearts beat high with joy  
Whene’er we hear that glorious word !  
Faith of our Fathers ! holy Faith !  
We will be true to thee till death.

\* \* \* \* \*

“ Faith of our Fathers ! Mary’s prayers  
Shall win our country back to thee,  
And through the truth that comes from God  
England shall then indeed be free.  
Faith of our Fathers ! holy Faith !  
We will be true to thee till death.”

As the voices ceased, Miss Bradshawe advanced, and in-

stantly recognised an unusual solemnity in the manner of the little ones, which led her to inquire its cause.

"Why thin, miss, isn't it poor Ellen that's dying up there, an she used to like the hymn, an it's singing it undher the winder quite gently we were, just to plase her for the last time."

"I'm feard, miss," said an elder girl, "it's not praying for her they'll be; mother heerd thim quarrelling all nite; an whin I stole in to bid her good-bye, she said she hoped the Blissed Virgin ud mind an fetch her on the Assumption, becase it was the anniversary of her first communion."

"Almighty God will fetch her when He thinks fit," said Josephine, laying her hand on the child's head. "Now go away without noise, and don't forget to pray for her when you are at Mass, although I would rather none of you went into the room again."

Thus cautioned, they departed without any signs of their usual mirth, each dropping a curtsy to Miss Bradshawe, and casting a wistful glance at the window of the room where their playfellow lay in so hopeless a condition. Josephine immediately ascended the stairs; but although she knocked at the door more than once, so great was the bustle within, she could not succeed in making herself heard, and was at length compelled to enter without invitation. Here, indeed, she encountered a scene of confusion; the inroads of the pestilence during the last four-and-twenty hours had been terrific. Two beds, which almost filled the chamber, were let down and tenanted; whilst in the spaces between were laid two strong men labouring under the pangs of approaching dissolution, groaning, gasping, and in the violence of the cramps throwing off those who tried to minister to their relief. Amongst this latter number was Mrs. Casey, who, kneeling on the ground, her arms bared to the elbow, was rubbing away at the legs of one of the sufferers until big drops of perspiration stood on the forehead of the kind-hearted old creature.

"Arrah, now, Jack Rourke! be aisey, can't ye, mee darlint; first one lig, thin anither! its enuff to frighten a horse from his oats, to say nothink of a Christian, to hear the crathers. Ah thin, Miss Bradshawe, it's wilcome you are at all saisons. What ull I do? musha, its meesilf doesn't know who's alive at all!"

"Ah, miss, it's a fearful nite we've had of it," said the wife of the patient, who, almost beside herself with terror, was hurrying from one bed to another, anon casting distracted glances on the floor. "Father Morgan was here wid me sis-ther about twelve, an poor little Nilly died as he was laving



the room, an now the min are down; an it's meesilf an Meggy has our hands full of it."

"Jist cum and luk at the baby, miss," urged Meggy, pulling Josephine's sleeve, and pointing towards the bed on which Mrs. Mulvin lay; "it wouldn't be quiet with Nelly, becuse she can't talk to it now she's dead, so we gave it to aunt, an it scrames worse nor iver; we think it's could it tuk, for I was obliged to carry it whin I ran for the praste last nite, for there was no one to mind it for me."

"It is hungry," said Miss Bradshawe, compassionately, as she observed the poor little thing vainly endeavouring to draw the nourishment which was completely dried up by fever. "You had better ask some of those who have infants to nurse it for a time."

"Indeed an I did," answered Mrs. Rourke, "but there was no gitting thim to let it near thim; it's feard of the cholera the lot of thim are."

"I am fearful it will not escape," exclaimed Josephine, as she reluctantly placed the famished infant beside the body of little Ellen. "You had better, Mrs. Rourke, send to the work-house for an order to bury this poor child, or all your lives will be endangered."

"Bury the corse is it? afore its bided a nite undher the roof wid me! It's what I'd never consint to, if it were to be the saving of me siven generations."

"Yet remember yourself; Meggy,—your sick husband, Mulvin,—indeed some of them ought to be removed to the infirmary."

"Let thim tak thim, an wilcome; but I'll not have me child moved till we've passed the nite over her: the neybour's ud think us worse than haythens if we hadn't the frinds."

"Now, Mrs. Rourke," said old Norry, wiping her brow, as she paused in her work of charity, "can't ye be said by Miss Bradshawe? Sure an don't she know more than all the docthers in the parish? an didn't she save the life of my Jim wid the limonade, whin it was meesilf was afther dosing him wid the whisky?"

"That was a different case, Norry," answered Josephine, with a sigh. "Has Rourke been prepared? for I fear he will not recover."

"Indeed an he wasn't ill whin Father Morgan was here; an its nayther on um ull be the worse for the praste, but there's no one to sind; I can't spare Meggy, an what ull I do? But God is good!"

"I will let one of the priests know directly; but how you will contrive with so many in one room"—

“An it's meesilf doesn't know; but as Jack's the worst, I spose we must drag him into next doore; it's impty since Missis O'Brian went to the House, an I think there's a hape of shavings in the corner.”

Finding she could render no real assistance, Miss Bradshawe hurried towards the chapel, and on entering the sacristy found it not quite so easy to fulfil her promise as she had imagined. Father Wilford had said the ten-o'clock Mass, but had been hurried away immediately afterwards, and without breaking his fast, to Cato Street, where one of the “carriers” had been brought home in a state of spasmodic cholera; the three remaining chaplains were ready vested, and about to enter the sanctuary, when a few whispered words to Father Morgan, who was to officiate as deacon, caused him instantaneously to exchange dalmatic and alb for his walking attire, whilst his brother priests proceeded to the altar without him. Josephine knelt down in the sacristy, and the sermon had just commenced, when a peal at the bell, which was repeated before it could possibly be answered, sent the sacristan in all haste to the door. “A man was dying in Cleveland Street; he hadn't been to his duty for forty years an more; an the baby was jist off, an worse luck it hadn't been baptised.” There was of course no time to be lost, the place was full a mile distant; a sign was therefore made to Father Horton, who, quitting the pulpit somewhat abruptly, was obliged to depart without refreshment of any kind, that being his fifth sick-call since seven that morning.

“What shall we do now?” inquired the sacristan, positively scared by the predicament in which he found himself; “the Mass must proceed, and—Hark! there is the bell again.” This time it was an English convert, pale and breathless with haste. His father, who had long wished to become a Catholic, but had postponed it from day to day, had been seized by the disease in its most hideous form; collapse, accompanied by cold sweats, had already placed him beyond the power of medicine; and being a man of powerful frame, his sufferings were proportionately intense. He raved continually for a priest, and his medical attendants had decided it was impossible he could hold out for more than an hour. Miss Bradshawe and the sacristan gazed on each other with countenances pale with dismay. Mass could not be over in less than half an hour; there was no knowing when either of the absent chaplains might return, as it was more than possible that though summoned to one, they would find several others requiring assistance on their road to and fro. In this emergency a sudden thought struck Miss Bradshawe. “This person,” she exclaimed, “does not live far from Cleveland Street: give me the baptismal



water, I will follow Father Horton, and send him there before he returns home." As there really was nothing else to be done, her request was acceded to. The young priest was found; and after spending more than an hour over a man semi-stupified by laudanum and disease, he was hurried to the bedside of a second, struggling with the pestilence in its most agonising and unmitigated form. Prompt as he was, he was only just in time; the procrastinator expired before he quitted the house, although the first sufferer lay for nearly a week in a state of collapse, totally deprived of consciousness, almost of motion. Nor was Father Morgan more fortunate. Rourke and Mrs. Mulvin died before night, the infant not long afterwards, Mulvin himself the middle of the following day, and poor Mrs. Rourke, being attacked immediately, expired in eleven hours, leaving Meggy not only the last of her family, but the sole living inmate of a room which three days before had contained no less than seven persons in full health and strength. *This is no imaginary scene.* So rapid had been the progress of the plague, so virulent and deadly its effects, that at one and the same time, even in this confined space, there lay a pining child, a man momentarily awaiting dissolution, the half-putrid bodies of two already dead, and one within whose veins the poison lurked which in so short a space was to curdle the healthy blood, cause stagnation round the lungs, and consequent death.

These were by no means the only victims of those two fearful days. The quiet of Mrs. Selby's abode was disturbed on the Monday morning, not by one, but by a continuous succession of peals, first on the visitors', then the servants' bell; and as there was no intermission between the startling sounds, this generally quiet household was so frightened from its propriety, that a considerable time elapsed before the opening of the door occasioned a cessation of the din. A tall powerful man, who, though well known to our readers as Pat Sheehan, was yet a stranger to the very orderly and somewhat antique-looking dame who, in snowy apron and pink streamers, answered the ring, "just to see what it could possibly mean," and who, drawing herself up in all the dignity of cook and housekeeper, demanded the business of the intruder, and how "he dared pull the visitors' bell in that ere violent manner, to the imminent risk of damaging not only the wires, but the organs of her (Mrs. Bevan's) ears."

"Sure an me good woman, jist spake aisey, and be afther bein quick if you plase, an till Miss Bradshawe its wanthing her I am on partic'lar business, or it's not so airly I'd be thrubbling her."

"Good woman, indeed! well I'm sure!" ejaculated the



stately dame, crimsoning with indignation. "Miss Bradshawe is at breakfast, and you'll please to leave your name and message with me, for ——"

"Indeed an what use ud that be? Me name's Pat Sheehan; jist mintion it will you, me darlint; she'll see me directly, an no harm done ayther."

"It's of no use; you must call again. I knows what a proper hour is, if Miss Bradshawe doesn't. She's with Mrs. Selby; and I knows my place better too than to carry *impertinent* messages."

And Mrs. Bevan made an attempt to close the door she held in her hand, so as to put a stop to all farther parley with so importunate a beggar, for such in the recesses of her heart had she designated Pat. But the latter was not to be so easily repulsed. Anticipating the good lady's movements, he seized her by the waist, twisted her completely round, and before she had recovered sufficiently to express her sense of outraged propriety, reached the parlour-door, and unceremoniously turning the handle stood in the presence of Josephine and her aunt, just as the latter was about to ring for the purpose of inquiring the cause of the disturbance. The flushed countenance and excited manner of the uncouth being before her changed Mrs. Selby's curiosity into positive alarm. Dropping with a faint scream the morsel of toast she was in the act of conveying to her mouth, she caught up the nearest knife, though whether with an idea of preventing its being used by the intruder, or of herself acting on the defensive, is an enigma which we cannot solve.

"Why, Sheehan," exclaimed her niece, rather surprised at the apparition, "what is the matter?"

"Musha, miss, I beg yer pardon, but the ould lady outside stood so long considering if it was a pickpocket I was or not, that I was feared it was too late intirely I'd be; and it's about off the poor crather is by this time, so it was of no use to stand palavering there."

"Come, what is it all about?" inquired Josephine, who wished to avert the bursting of the storm that was gathering on Mrs. Selby's brow. "You should have sent in your message as you were desired; it would have been attended to quite as quickly."

"Sind in me message, an it about life an deth! No, miss, I know me duty betther than that ony day. But if it's Norry Casey you'd like to go off like a dog, why I've done."

And aware that he had effectually roused Miss Bradshawe's sympathy, he turned towards the door as if about to depart, with an air of offended dignity which would under other circumstances have aroused her risible faculties.

"Nay, Sheehan," she exclaimed, "I really cannot understand you; Norry was quite well yesterday?"

"Why thin, miss, it's ded she's intirely to-day. Didn't she catch the cholera, I'd like to know? An hasn't the clargy been wid her before airly Mass? An isn't there somethink on her mind she can't die wid? So she tould me to come to you an ——"

"Now, Josephine, I really will not allow this," interrupted Mrs. Selby, at length finding utterance. "You are neither a *priest*, nor a *nun*, nor yet an *hospital nurse*; and if the woman has any thing on her mind, let her send for the former."

"Saving yer prisince, me lady, the clargy's been wid her. But it's a request she has; an I'll tell her, miss, it's yersilf ull lose no time, will I?"

Miss Bradshawe nodded assent, and shortly after Pat's disappearance, escaped from the breakfast-room, equally eager to avoid her aunt's lectures, and to discover what really was the matter with old Norry.

It was not very long before she reached the Buildings and commenced the somewhat perilous descent of Mrs. Casey's cellar. A low moaning struck her ear, which at intervals amounted to a groan; and after *feeling* her way along the passage, Josephine rounded the corner, and entering the doorway, stood within the abode described in a previous chapter. It was, however, so dark, that for a few moments she could discern nothing distinctly; a human figure was crouching by the side of the half-dead embers, though enveloped in a cloud of smoke, which made her eyes tingle and caused her to gasp for breath, whilst a restless movement on the floor at the other end pointed out the place occupied by the sufferer.

"God be wid you, miss, yer cum at last," exclaimed a voice which she had no difficulty in recognising as that of Jim Casey; "a sorry day it is for me to see me poor girl dying before me eyes an laving me all alone wid no one to look afther me. See thin, an Heaven bliss you, is it this time she'll die."

"It is so dark, Casey, I cannot see," answered Josephine; "have you no candle?"

"I think there's a bit on that shilf overhead; I'm a poor cripple, an can't rache it meesilf. Here, stand on that ould baskit, an mind yer dress don't take the fere; ye'll find it undher the cracked mug; there's no keeping ony thing for thin impudint rats." Accustomed to similar contrivances, Miss Bradshawe mounted the frail support and succeeded in reaching the treasure, which being with considerable difficulty lighted, she approached Norry, who was a great favourite, not

only with her visitor, but with all who knew her. The poor old woman was evidently in the most acute agony; her limbs were drawn together as if the muscles had shrunk, although at intervals they were suddenly stretched out as by the action of an invisible pulley, then recoiling until she assumed almost the appearance of a ball. It was of her arms, however, that she chiefly complained; in the palm of either hand was a round spot of deep black surrounded by what appeared gangrene, from which up to the very elbow the dark hue prevailed, though gradually diminishing in intensity, until it assumed the prevailing bluish tint so often alluded to.

"Ah, an it was rubbing Jack Rourke I tuk it," she exclaimed, spreading out the affected members before Josephine, who felt her heart sicken within her. "It's all over wid me, me lady, an glory to His holy name, it's prepared I am; but there's a thing thrubbles me, an if you'd promise me to see to that, I'd die contint." The girl hesitated, a painful thrill pervaded her bosom; gladly, most gladly, would she have given an unreserved promise to comply with the request of this martyr to charity, but prudence whispered "no." She had more than once mourned over her inability to fulfil the last wishes of the expiring poor, and she was reluctantly compelled to inquire what it was Norry required.

"Ownly jist nothink, me lady. You see poor Jim there isn't able to look afther himself, an it ull break his ould heart if it's sint to the poor-house he is, an I don't think it's long the crather ull be afther me; for, barring the cat that follers him wheriver he goes, an lays on the bed whin I'm out, there's no Christian in the warld to care for him now I'm gone."

"Ah, an it's not far out you're there, Norry," sobbed the disabled creature, as the sleek animal at his feet leapt on his knee, as if she too were petitioning for her master. "I couldn't bide in the house, wid the cursing, and swearing, an jeering at every thing good; an what ud I do for the tay an the snuff? An worse than all, what ud I do for you, Norry? Blissed's the day I saw you, though it's not long ago nayther, an now for you to go home before me," and a fresh burst of tears choked his utterance, whilst his tabby favourite testified her sympathy by rubbing her face against his, patting him with her large paw, and purring with all her might.

"Look at thim, miss; aint they a purty pair? What a stoopid you are, Jim, to be shure," ejaculated Mrs. Casey, with a burst of something like her former energy; "but I'm not long for this warld; an I was thinkin as the stall's here, an the baskit's all safe, if Jim had a little to begin, he could sill cresses, and may be young onyons an cowcumbers in the saison.



There's one Lanhahin does a little that way himsilf, an I'm thinkin he'd markit for Jim, and the boys ud lind him a help in the marning, an may be bring him an the stall home at nite; but it's betther he'd not meddle wid the swates, or it ud be a temptation to the crathers. Now, me lady, I expict you'll promise him sixpence a week to keep up the stock, an its happy I'd be, for I'd know he'd niver want, an I spose there'll be a bit for the cat, an she'll bide wid him an comfort him." Cheerfully did Josephine pledge herself to allow the sixpence which was to elevate Mr. Casey above the possibility of poverty; and Norry having settled her temporary concerns so much to her satisfaction, returned to those of her immortal soul, the care of which she had happily never neglected during life, and therefore had no cause to tremble at death, even in its present appalling aspect.

"The holy Virgin guard you, Miss Bradshawe; the pain's aisier, ma'am, an its not long I'll last. Jist kneel down an read me the litanies; and Jim, as you can't stoop, lave off crying like an omadhaun, an be afther praying for me poor sowl; an Father Morgan ull say the mass for me, and the saints ull pray for me, an it's in pace I'll die."

Josephine obeyed; placing the morsel of candle on the edge of Norry's bed, she bent her knee, and continued reading until the expiring light rendered it impossible, although sometimes interrupted by the old woman, whose senses were apparently wandering. She would murmur the "Hail Mary," then call Jim, and once the name of Kate Gearey passed her lips. At length all was silent, and as Miss Bradshawe arose she placed her hand on her brow, thinking she slept. An involuntary shudder ran through her frame at the cold clammy contact; but unwilling to alarm Jim, she groped her way to the front kitchen, and having borrowed a light returned. Her surmises were correct; Norry Casey was indeed dead.

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#### CHRISTIAN PILGRIMAGES.

PILGRIMAGES are so natural and true a picture of human life, as viewed by a thoughtful and religious mind, that wherever the faith of a people has been real, earnest, and simple, these pious journeyings have been always in vogue. "We have not here a lasting city, but we seek one that is to come:" this is the language of Holy Scripture, but it is also the language of our own inmost souls, of our experience and of our observa-

tion; excepting only in the case of those persons who, by a vicious indulgence of their sensual appetites, or by "covetousness, which is idolatry," have so corrupted their hearts and understandings as to be unwilling, and sometimes therefore almost unable, to receive so plain and obvious a lesson.

It would be scarcely too much to say that pilgrimages are a part even of natural religion; certainly they are to be found at every period of the world's history among the most sober-minded and religious people. "In profane antiquity," says a recent traveller speaking on this subject, "those who took any heed to religious belief at all repaired to Egypt, in order to be initiated in the mysteries of Osiris, and to seek lessons of wisdom from his priests. It was to travellers that the mysterious sphynx of Mount Phicæus proposed the profound enigma of which Œdipus discovered the solution. . . . The Turks, while they were yet believers, repaired to Mecca in great caravans; and in our travels in Central Asia, we constantly met numerous pilgrims going to or fro, all of them profoundly filled with, and earnestly impelled by, a sincere sentiment of religion." Nor was it otherwise amongst those who worshipped only the true God. Long before the promulgation of the law, there were the pilgrimages of the holy patriarchs, recorded and recognised as such in the written Word of God. Abraham, going out of his own country in obedience to the call of God, became a stranger and pilgrim in the land of Canaan; Isaac also was a pilgrim out of his own country amongst strangers; the life of Jacob too was full of pilgrimages; Joseph his son was a pilgrim in the land of Egypt from his youth; and his children after him, the Hebrew nation, were as strangers in that same country for a period of four hundred years, until the Exodus and the giving of the law on Mount Sinai; then they walked as pilgrims in the wilderness for forty years, carrying with them the ark of the Testament for their comfort and spiritual solace in their pilgrimage, until at length they gained possession of the promised land. "All these confessed that they were pilgrims and strangers on the earth; for they that say these things do signify that they seek a country."

Nor did these pious wanderings altogether cease when the promised land was won; on the contrary, Almighty God especially provided for their continuance, lest his chosen people should imagine that they had already entered into their rest and found that *civitatem permanentem*, that "heavenly country," on which He desired that their whole hearts and affections should be fixed. Three yearly pilgrimages were obligatory upon all the Jews, wherever they might be dispersed throughout the land, unless they were actually resident within the



walls of the holy city itself; and the latest of the three solemn feasts on which they were thus required "to appear before the Lord their God," the feast of tabernacles, was specially kept in remembrance of their former pilgrimages in Egypt and in the wilderness. This obligation was laid upon the males only of every family; yet so universally was the religious use and character of these pilgrimages, as a figure and mystical instruction of man's condition in life, felt and acknowledged, that it was a very common practice for the women also to accompany their husbands in these journeys, at least once in every year, if not oftener. We see this from the example of the devout Anna, the wife of Elcana and mother of Samuel; as also from the example of our blessed Lady herself, "going up every year to Jerusalem, at the solemn day of the pasch."

Moreover, although the obligation which we have mentioned was binding only upon the children of Israel, yet Holy Scripture tells us of others also, not of the seed of Abraham, who joined in these sacred pilgrimages, and found a reward in so doing. On Palm Sunday, during our Lord's triumphant entry into Jerusalem, "there were certain Gentiles among them who came up to adore on the festival day;" and the Ethiopian eunuch too, whom Philip baptised "in the way that goeth down into Gaza," had gone up to Jerusalem "to adore." The language of the royal Psalmist, too, shews us how familiar to the Jewish people was the idea of a pilgrimage as an emblem of life: "*Advena ego sum apud te et peregrinus, sicut omnes patres mei.*"

Under the law of nature then, as exhibited in the life and conversation of the holy patriarchs of old; under the same law as manifested in broken and imperfect images among the practices of some of the heathen nations, both in ancient and modern times; and under the written law of God as promulgated on Mount Sinai, a pilgrimage was a praiseworthy and religious act. Did it cease to be so when Christ had suffered and died for us? Was all this thoroughly done away with and utterly reversed by the law of grace? Who shall pretend that it was? Is there anything whatever, either in the reason of the thing, or in the practice of the early Christians, to give countenance to such an idea? Have Christians a less clear and lively perception of the transitory nature of this life than the patriarchs of old, the Jews, or the very heathen? If an inspired apostle exhorts us to behave ourselves "as strangers and pilgrims," shall we be deemed guilty of sin, and branded with the mark of "grovelling superstition," if we become strangers and pilgrims in very deed? Or if another apostle bids us remember that "the time is short," and that "the



fashion of this world passeth away," and that he "would have us to be without solicitude," is it so very unreasonable for us to conclude that this same apostle would not have thought a man altogether regardless of his admonitions, who should abandon his home, his parents, his country, all the comforts and conveniences of a settled abode, and lead the hard and penitential life of a pilgrim or wanderer upon the face of the earth; and being "without impediment," "solicitous only for the things that belong to the Lord, how he may please God?" These are questions worthy of the deepest consideration by all those who, like the Eunomians and Vigilantians of old, scoff at the very notion of a religious pilgrimage. For ourselves and for the great majority of our readers, they have been long since answered by the infallible judgment of the Church; nevertheless it may be useful even for us too, amid the comforts and luxuries of this material nineteenth century, to cast at least a momentary glance at the *rationale* of Christian pilgrimages; and certainly it will not be uninteresting to take a hasty review of their history, noting the principal places to which from time to time they have been directed.

Of the *rationale* of pilgrimages we have perhaps spoken enough already. All particular pilgrimages, whatever may be their ostensible end, whether Jerusalem, or Rome, or Loretto, or Compostella, or Einsidlen, or Walsingham, or what not, are in truth, when religiously undertaken, but figures and similitudes of the pilgrimage which we all make from our birth to the grave, the pilgrimage of life. "The true pilgrim," to borrow the words of a French Jesuit, who wrote the *Pilgrim of Loretto*, early in the seventeenth century,\* "hath always in his thought the place whither he tendeth; he chooseth the shortest and surest way; he goeth forward without any markable stay. The cities, buildings, palaces, fields, gardens, and places of pleasure, if he must needs see them, yet he seeth them only as in passing by them, being always attentive to his end. He endureth in town and field all the incommodities and dangers of men and beasts, contempt, injury, hunger, thirst, want, heat, cold, hail, and snow; sometimes lying under the house-roof, sometimes under the cope or canopy of heaven; sometimes merry and well-disposed, sometimes again weary and crazed; humble, patient, courteous, wise, and circumspect in all his actions." What is all this but to fulfil the apostle's injunction to the very letter of "using this world as though we used it not?" "All this," continues Father Richeome, "all this, point by point, is practised in the

\* We quote from an English translation, dedicated to the wife of Charles I., and published in the year 1630.

pilgrimage of man's life by those that are well-advised pilgrims: these, walking upon the earth, have heaven in their heart, which is the end of their mortal course; they strive and walk without rest towards virtue, holding the directest and surest way, which is that which the Catholic Church, our good and common mother, doth shew us in her great *itinerarium* of the laws and commandments of God; they make no reckoning of worldly magnificence, and take with an equal mind prosperity and adversity. If their affairs go well forward, they thank the Divine Providence without pride; if they suffer shipwreck, they lift their hands to heaven and bless the same Providence. . . . Our pilgrim (that is, the pilgrim of Loretto, for whom he writes) should mark all these similitudes to the true pilgrims, and should contemplate in the figure of his the form and tenour of the other, and make his profit thereof. He shall also allegorise all the parts of his furniture and apparel, and shall attire his soul to the likeness of his body. For his hat he shall take the assistance of God; his shoes shall be the mortification of his affections; patience shall be his mantle or leather cloak; civility shall be his coat or cassock; chastity his girdle; contemplation and meditation shall be his bag and bottle; the love of the cross his pilgrim's staff; faith, charity, and good works shall be his purse and money."

The quaint simplicity and deep truthfulness of this passage must be our apology for making so long an extract from an old but rare volume; and we think we need not say more to demonstrate the truth of what we said at the beginning, namely, that the true pilgrim cannot fail to find in every step of his pilgrimage

"An heavenly draught and image  
Of his frail mortality,  
Tending to eternity."

We will only add upon this subject, that the processions which the Catholic Church makes use of in her solemn functions, and which are in truth a kind of memorial or epitome (so to speak) of pilgrimages, are of course to be interpreted in the same way. They represent to us that life is a journey. "How many household truths," it has been well said, "are symbolised in a procession! The Church is its starting place, the Church its goal, signifying to us that in her we begin and in her must end. It moves, and so do we; and high in front of it is reared the image of the Crucified, to denote that in the Church, unlike the world, we move under his banner, and, as it were, in his train."

Pilgrimages then being, like prayer itself, a mere form and expression (as it were) of natural religion; having been al-



most the normal state of existence of the ancient patriarchs; being, moreover, positively enjoined as a precept to the children of Israel by the law given on Mount Sinai, and not being in any way discountenanced by the law of grace or inconsistent with its requirements,—it is not to be wondered at that they should have been continued by the early Christians, as soon as time and opportunity served. And the first and most natural object of such pilgrimages was of course the Holy Land, “that most worthy, most excellent, and lady and sovereign of all other lands,” as Sir John Maundeville so justly calls it, as having been blessed and hallowed with the precious body and blood of our Lord Jesus Christ; that land in which it pleased Him to take flesh and blood of the Virgin Mary, and to become man; where He dwelt for three-and-thirty years, going about doing good and working many miracles, and preaching and teaching the faith and law of Christian men unto his children; finally, that land in which He suffered passion and death from the Jews for us, “to redeem and deliver us from the pains of hell and from death without end. Well may that land then be called delectable and a fruitful land, that was made moist with His precious blood;” and well might Christian pilgrims flock with holy zeal to visit all those places which had been sanctified by His sacred presence. For it is natural to us to have our feelings and affections towards particular places powerfully influenced by our feelings and affections for those persons with whom such places are in any way associated. Thus in England, where wealth and rank and royalty are the objects of worship, if the sovereign of the country, or any other extraordinary grandee, pay a visit to a place, though it be but for a single day, immediately the fact is chronicled in the annals of that place, and becomes a part and parcel not only of its history, but, in a certain manner, if we may say so, even of itself. Henceforward it claims for itself certain privileges; it is no longer to be looked upon in the same light as other places, which must stand or fall by their own merit, but it demands our sympathies by virtue of our loyalty, or of our admiration for the great, or of whatever other feeling the personage in question would, by his own presence, inspire. Just so, from the very same natural instinct, in Italy and other Catholic countries, the place where a saint was born or died, or where he wrought any special miracles, or where he habitually lived, is pretty sure to become an object of devotion to the people, and, sooner or later, to be converted into a church or chapel. It was impossible, then, but that Jerusalem and the other sacred places of Palestine should have become objects of the most tender devotion to all Christian people from the very first.



“It would take us too long,” says St. Jerome,\* himself too a pilgrim, like those of whom he writes, “to reckon up the number of bishops, martyrs, and eloquent and learned ecclesiastics, who, in every age of the Church, from the day of our Lord’s ascension into heaven down to the present time, have come to Jerusalem; not considering that they had yet attained that degree of perfection in religion, knowledge, and goodness which they *might* attain, until they had first adored their Lord in those very places whence the Gospel originally shone forth to the world from the tree of the cross. Here are collected the first and best of every land: not that we mean to deny but that there are holy men in other places also, and not that we are ignorant of the fact that the kingdom of God is within us, and does not consist in any external locality whatever; nevertheless so it is, that in this land, which God has so highly honoured above all other lands, the most eminent individuals of every Christian people are to be found gathered together. Hither come the flower of Christendom from Gaul; the distant Briton too, leaving his western home, hastens hither to visit those places already so well known to him by report and through the Holy Scriptures. And why need I speak of the Persians and Armenians, the Indians and Ethiopians, and the neighbours of Egypt—that country so rich in cenobites,—the people of Pontus and Cappadocia, Syria and Mesopotamia, and every part of the East? These all, according to that word of our divine Saviour, ‘Wheresoever the body shall be, there shall the eagles also be gathered together,’ flock to Jerusalem, and exhibit to us there the edifying spectacle of their respective gifts and graces: for though the outward semblance of these different people is so various—their form, features, and language—yet their faith is one; all are bound together in the unity of the same holy religion.” This passage of St. Jerome (of which, however, we have given a free paraphrase rather than a literal translation) reveals to us, in a very distinct and unmistakable manner, the opinions and practice of the Church in his day on the subject of pilgrimages. It shews us that in the fourth century pilgrimages were already much more frequent, and even universal, than we should have anticipated.

Nor was this a *corruption*, as our adversaries speak, a novelty just then for the first time creeping into the Church—a mere remnant of Paganism retained by ill-instructed converts. On the contrary, the attentive reader will have observed that St. Jerome himself expressly states that Christian pilgrims had flocked to the Holy Land from the very first,—

\* Ep. 17, ad Mar.

“from the ascension of our Lord into heaven down to the present day;” and St. Cyril of Jerusalem has somewhere given the same testimony. Moreover, the very conduct of the heathens themselves is sufficient to assure us of this. It shews us that those sacred places were held in the utmost veneration by all Christian people from the very first, and that they were frequented by them for purposes of religious worship. For ecclesiastical historians tell us that the reason wherefore the heathen took such especial pains to deface and even destroy the *quasi recentia Nativitatis, Crucis, et Passionis vestigia*, as St. Jerome calls them, was this, that they hoped thereby to hinder the approach of the faithful, or at least to prevent their shewing any signs of reverence and worship there. “Ungodly men, or rather the whole race of demons by means of them,” says Eusebius,\* “endeavoured to bury in darkness and oblivion the memorial of the holy sepulchre.” They therefore raised a great mound of earth over the sacred place, surrounded it with a wall, raised an altar and other buildings upon it, and placed there a statue of Venus, “in order,” says Sozomen,† “that if any Christians should come to adore in that place, they might seem to be adoring Venus;” an imputation which would be so hateful to every true disciple of the Cross, that they would rather deprive themselves of any religious consolations and privileges not absolutely indispensable, than voluntarily expose themselves to it. Now, we learn from St. Jerome, that it was the Emperor Hadrian who had recourse to these measures; so that it appears that Christians used to frequent these places, and to manifest tokens of religious reverence for them, in the very earliest part of the second century.

And this was done not by the mere native Christians of the neighbourhood only, but pilgrims came also from a distance for the same purpose. One of these was Alexander, a bishop of some place in Cappadocia, of whom we read‡ that he came to Jerusalem to visit the holy places in consequence of a vow which he had made, and that whilst there he was pointed out, by certain divine revelations, as the future Bishop of Jerusalem; whereupon he was not allowed to return to his own country, but was immediately appointed as coadjutor to the aged Narcissus. There is extant too, even at the present day, the itinerary of a Christian of Bordeaux, who visited the Holy Land in the year 333, that is to say, two years before the consecration of the Church of the Holy Sepulchre, built by Constantine and St. Helena; and this itinerary was evidently compiled for the use of his countrymen who might be

\* Vit. Constant. iii. 26.

† Hist. Eccl. ii. 1.

‡ Euseb. H. E. vi. 11.



about to undertake the same long and perilous journey, shewing thereby that such pilgrimages were by no means uncommon. Indeed, it is acknowledged by the recent Protestant editor of *Early Travels in Palestine* in Bohn's Antiquarian Library—a work, by the by, which the said editor has done his best to spoil, by the unwarranted liberty which he has taken of omitting all such miraculous narratives or theological observations as, in the supremacy of his private judgment, he considers to be either “incredible” or “totally devoid of interest,”—it is acknowledged, we say, that “we learn from the writings of some of the Greek fathers, that pilgrimages to the Holy Land had already, even at that early period, *become so frequent as to lead to many abuses.*”

It is quite certain, then, that from the earliest times of which we have any distinct and authentic records, the idea of a religious pilgrimage was familiar to the Christian mind. So far from its being a mere outward and formal act, obligatory indeed upon the Jews, but to us Christians forbidden, and, together with the rest of the ceremonial law, utterly abrogated and taken away,—it would be a nearer approximation to the truth to say, with our old friend the “Pilgrim of Loretto,” that “Christians have always undertaken such holy pilgrimages so much the more courageously, as they have more places than the Jews had to acknowledge and praise God in some peculiar sort, and to obtain and gather the fruits and gifts of His graces: they have practised them so much the more piously and diligently, by how much the more they have received the light and heat of the Holy Ghost, giving them a clearer acknowledgment of the pilgrim-like condition of man in this mortal life, and have received more abundance of truth, of love, and of desire of the life to come, and other gifts of the same Spirit.” And, as we have already said, Palestine, and in a more especial manner Jerusalem, has ever been the first and most constant object of these pious journeyings, because *there* are united together each and all of those claims or titles to veneration, one or more of which taken singly is wont to make other places holy and honourable. Thus, if the beginning of a place makes it venerable, “when it is accompanied with some notable, strange, or wonderful thing,” the land of promise, so remarkably chosen by Almighty God for ages beforehand, and set apart for the inheritance of his people, may certainly claim a singular pre-eminence in this particular. Or if “another thing that doth beautify and sanctify a place be divine apparitions made in them,” what place can compete on this title with the land wherein God appeared so often, and made such marvellous displays of power and of goodness to Abraham,



Jacob, Moses, and the rest, and where at length the Son of God wrought the redemption of mankind. If, too, we hold in honour and reverence places that have been inhabited, or constantly frequented, by saints and martyrs, how much more venerable must that place be where the Saviour of the world became man, and for the space of thirty years came in and went out amongst the children of men? Finally, if any notable action or suffering, any great victory or rare sacrifice, above all, if any miracle be enough to make a place famous and memorable for ever, what claims has not that land which God has illustrated by an infinite number of miraculous works throughout all ages? Jerusalem, then, has always been the especial object of the Christian pilgrim; and so completely was it the centre of all their thoughts and hopes and wishes, that even the wisest and most learned men in the middle ages, having but an imperfect knowledge of geography as compared with that which the Lords of her Majesty's Privy Council require at the present day from the lips of some aspirant teacher of the youth of our country villages, believed that Jerusalem was also, physically and geographically, the centre (or, as they often called it, the navel) of the world, and that this was implied in that verse of the psalm, "God is our king before ages; He hath wrought out salvation *in the midst of the earth.*"

By degrees, however, and even from the earliest times, other places began to divide with the Holy City the veneration of Christians; and amongst these secondary places Rome of course stands first. It is indeed *facile princeps*; other pilgrimages may have obtained a greater degree of favour in particular localities, but none was ever so universally famous and popular throughout the whole Christian world as the pilgrimage to Rome; and not without reason, since, next to Jerusalem and all places connected with the life of our blessed Lord upon earth, none can have a greater claim upon the reverence and esteem of Christians than that city. Indeed, in some points of view its claims might almost seem to be superior to those of the Holy City, because it stands to the Christian Church in the position in which Jerusalem once stood to the Jewish; it is the living centre of government and authority, "the mother and mistress of all churches."

"In the royal city of Rome," says St. Chrysostom,\* "all things else are neglected, and men of all ranks crowd to the tombs of the fisherman and the tent-maker, kings, consuls, and generals;" and in another place,† "Rome is like some strong and mighty body, having two bright and shining eyes,

\* Hom. c. Judæos, § 9.

† Hom. xxxii. in Epist. ad Rom. §§ 2, 3.

the bodies of those two famous saints, St. Peter and St. Paul. The very heavens are not so bright, when the sun shoots forth its rays, as the city of Rome sending forth throughout the whole world the brightness of these two shining lights. Thence at the great day of the resurrection shall Paul and Peter both be caught up into heaven. Oh, how fragrant a rose, then, does not Rome send forth to Christ; with what a double garland is she not crowned, girt about as it were with two golden chains, ornamented with two perpetual fountains! Wherefore I love and admire that city, not for its much gold, not for its noble pillars, not for any other part of its pomp and outward magnificence, but because of these two pillars of the Church. Oh, who will grant me the privilege of throwing myself upon the body of Paul, of embracing his tomb, and seeing the dust of that body which filled up those things which were wanting of the sufferings of Christ, and bore his sacred *stigmata*; the dust of that body, I say, whereby Christ spoke, whence there shone forth a light more brilliant than the lightning of heaven, and there issued a voice more terrible than thunder to the devils of hell! Would that I could see the dust of those hands, which were once bound with chains, and by the laying on of which the gift of the Holy Ghost was conferred, and which when the viper saw, it fell into the fire! Would that I could see the dust of those eyes, which once were blinded, but which were also deemed worthy to behold Christ! Would that I could see the dust of those feet, which traversed the whole world to carry the glad tidings of the Gospel! Would that I could see the tomb wherein are buried those limbs, dead and mortified to the world whilst yet he lived, but now truly living unto God! That sacred body is a more powerful protection to the city wherein it lies than ten thousand towers and bulwarks. And with it is the body of Peter, whom whilst living he honoured (for he says himself, ‘I went up to Jerusalem to see Peter’), and whom, when dead, the providence of God has brought together into the same tomb.”

No one can doubt, after reading these eloquent words of the golden-mouthed preacher, what was his opinion on the subject of Christian pilgrimages; whether he would have denounced them as superstitious, or encouraged them as natural and praiseworthy. Indeed, elsewhere\* he has spoken still more distinctly, saying (with reference to the chains wherewith St. Paul was bound, according to what he himself tells us in his Epistle to the Ephesians), “Would that I could be in that place where those chains now are (for it is said that

\* Hom. viii. in Epist. ad Ephes. iv. 1.



they are still preserved); would that I could see those chains, whereat devils tremble and are afraid, but which angels look upon with reverence! . . . . Were it not for the ecclesiastical cares wherewith I am burdened, and if my body were hale and strong, I would not hesitate to undertake a pilgrimage merely for the sake of setting my eyes upon those chains, or upon the prison wherein the apostle was bound with them." The reasons which detained the Archbishop of Constantinople, and hindered him from executing the desire of his heart to make a pilgrimage to Rome, were not of course equally cogent with other ecclesiastics, whose occupations were less laborious, or who enjoyed the advantage of a greater proximity to the desired goal. Thus, to mention only a single instance, Paulinus, the noble and saintly Bishop of Nola, used to make a *yearly* pilgrimage to Rome,\* always celebrating there the feast of its patron saints, St. Peter and St. Paul, and spending a few days (either before or after the feast) in visiting the shrines of other saints and martyrs, which were scattered in such rich profusion through the innumerable churches of the city, that, as he himself complains, he had not time to visit them all during that short time (*Romam, quam vix decem dies vidimus non videntes*). For the custom had not yet grown into general use—indeed, if we may trust the testimony of St. Gregory,† had scarcely even begun—of dividing the bodies of the saints, and so distributing portions of their relics to different parts of the world.

Hence pilgrimages were made not only to the Eternal City, where, as Prudentius says,

" Vix fama nota est, abditis  
Quam plena sanctis Roma sit,"†

but also to numberless other places, where the bodies of individual martyrs lay, and which, in consequence of visions seen, or miracles wrought, or prayers answered, or vows suggested, or lives changed, or from some other cause more or less remarkable, had become famous. Rome was the very hearth and home of every Christian throughout the whole world; at those "low bannisters, with their coronal of starry lights, round the Confession of St. Peter and St. Paul," there have ever knelt hundreds and thousands of pilgrims from every nation under heaven; but other shrines in distant places have been more commonly frequented, either only by the inhabitants of their own particular locality, or else by a particular class of pilgrims. The most famous, after Rome and Jerusalem, was that of St. James of Compostella, in Galicia;

\* Ep. ad Sever. xiii.; Ep. ad Delph. xvi.

† Peristeph. Hymn. 2.

† Lib. iv. Ep. xxx.



and this was a peculiar favourite amongst our own countrymen, probably in consequence of its being more readily accessible than the other two. When Richard Cœur de Lion arrived at Marseilles, *en route* for the Holy Land, he found many pilgrims who were detained there for want of sufficient funds to prosecute their journey; and even in earlier times, before the Crusades had been begun, it was by no means uncommon for pilgrims to be detained at the very gate of the Holy City itself, because they could not pay the tax which the caliphs exacted from every stranger who entered. A pilgrimage to Rome would not have been so difficult and so costly as one to Jerusalem; yet it certainly could not have been accomplished without both considerable fatigue and expense. A pilgrimage to the shrine of St. James, however, was comparatively easy; and hence the public records of England during the fifteenth century are said to contain very frequent mention of vessels chartered for this destination. We do not specify the pilgrimage to Loretto, now and for many ages past the most frequented of all, because of course it may very properly be considered as in some sort a pilgrimage to the Holy Land; that is to say, it has precisely the same claims upon the universal reverence of Catholics as any of those holy buildings which still remain in their original position in Palestine.

Other shrines, much resorted to by pilgrims of particular countries or neighbourhoods, we cannot specify; they are of course innumerable. We can only allude to one or two, of which we happen to have very ancient notices: as, for instance, the shrine of St. Stephen the proto-martyr, that is to say, the church whither his relics had been translated, to which, says St. Augustine,\* “*veniebat magnæ multitudinis concursus et occursum;*” and again (on the same unexceptionable testimony), the tomb of St. Cyprian, as also the actual spot where he was martyred, at both of which places there was a continual concourse of persons come to venerate the saint. Indeed we know, from other sources, of one at least (Posthumianus, the intimate friend of Sulpicius Severus) who went from a considerable distance, crossing the seas, to make this latter pilgrimage, before going on to visit the holy places of Palestine.† The hymns of Prudentius, too, would furnish us with innumerable instances of similar local pilgrimages; there is scarcely a martyr whose praises he has sung, of whose shrine he has not expressly recorded something of the same kind as in the following lines he has written about the tombs of two martyred saints at Calahorra, in Spain:

\* De Civ. Dei, xxii. 8, § 10.

† Sulp. Sev. Dialog. i. § 2.

“ Illitas cruore sancto nunc arenas incolæ  
 Confrequentant, obsecrantes voce, votis, munere ;  
 Exteri, necnon et orbis huc colonus advenit ;  
 Fama nam terras in omnes præcucurrit proditrix,  
 Hic patronos esse mundi, quos precantes ambient.”

There is one, however, which we desire specially to mention, because it furnishes us with a very remarkable instance of that other class of pilgrimages to which we alluded just now, namely, of pilgrimages undertaken to this or that shrine rather than to another, not because of any accidental nearness of neighbourhood, but because that shrine had obtained a special celebrity for certain particular cases. Nothing is a more favourite subject of ridicule with our Protestant adversaries than the idea, so familiar and so dear to every Catholic heart, of Patron Saints. This is a large subject, which we cannot enter upon at present ; we would only make a brief passing allusion to a particular branch of it, which belongs also to the matter we have now in hand of Christian Pilgrimages.

We have said, then, that some holy places were resorted to by particular classes of pilgrims ; and amongst the number of these we may place the tomb of St. Felix, at Nola in Campania. This shrine had become so famous in its own neighbourhood, that St. Paulinus tells us that on the feast-day of the saint the little city of Nola was quite crowded with the inhabitants of many other cities ; people flocked together from all parts of Italy ; and even Rome itself, rich with the sacred treasures of St. Peter and St. Paul, yet poured forth its thousands of pilgrims to go and worship at the tomb of St. Felix.

But this was not all ; its fame reached the opposite shores of Africa, and St. Augustin had recourse to it to solve a very perplexing difficulty in which he found himself involved. Boniface, one of St. Augustin's clergy, had brought an accusation against one Spes, a religious, but not an ecclesiastic ; Spes denied the charge, and recriminated his accuser. The bishop was puzzled ; and though inclined to give credence to the priest rather than to the monk, as indeed the circumstances of the case sufficiently warranted him in doing, he was loath to condemn either upon such very meagre and doubtful evidence as he had been able to collect upon the subject. He was equally unwilling to suspend the priest or to expel the monk, and hoped that the matter might be allowed to die a natural death. By and by, however, the monk expressed a desire to be promoted to the clerical rank ; but this the bishop could not consent to ; he could not on any account, he says, be persuaded either himself to ordain, or to give letters dismissory to any of his brethren to ordain, a man of whom he had reason to suspect so much.



This made an important change in the relative position of the parties. Before this decision, neither the priest nor the monk had suffered any prejudice whatever from the accusations that had been brought, excepting, of course, the unavoidable prejudice of public opinion, which would press with equal justice upon both parties; but now the monk pleaded that, by refusing him ordination, the bishop had done him a wrong; he had, in fact, given a verdict against him, without, as the bishop himself confessed, being at all more able to settle the question in dispute than he had been at the first. He insisted, therefore, that if the inability to prove his innocence was sufficient ground to exclude him from the ranks of the priesthood, the same fact should be held to be sufficient ground also for suspending Boniface from his exercise of the sacerdotal office. Boniface, who, if we may judge by the whole tenour of his conduct, was certainly innocent, declared himself willing to submit to this degradation rather than be the occasion of scandal to his weaker brethen; but St. Augustin could not acquiesce in this mode of settling the matter, and said that he should refer it to the judgment of God. How, then, did he propose to ascertain this judgment? By sending both the accuser and the accused on a pilgrimage to the shrine of St. Felix at Nola, where (he says) the mighty works which God does will reveal the conscience of each, and compel them, either by some punishment or by the fear of it, to make a true confession. But wherefore did he send them to so great a distance? Even granting that the superior reverence due to a holy place might be expected to have a salutary influence upon the culprit's conscience, and hinder him from giving utterance to a falsehood, yet were there no holy places, no martyrs' tombs or shrines, to be found in Africa? St. Augustin himself says in this very place, that Africa was full of such. Why, then, must they needs go to the tomb of St. Felix in Campania, rather than to that of St. Cyprian, or to the shrine of St. Stephen, so much nearer home? Had the bishop taken counsel with some discreet and sober-minded Protestants, they would at once have answered, if they had not been too much shocked by the Popishness of the whole proceeding to give any answer at all—they would have answered in the words of Naaman to the servant of Eliseus, “‘Are not the Abana and the Pharpar, rivers of Damascus, better than all the waters of Israel, that I may wash in them and be made clean?’ Is not the tomb of St. Cyprian as holy as that of St. Felix? May they not go there and purge themselves of the accusation laid to their charge?” And since the arguments and objections of Protestantism are but the arguments and objections of



the natural human mind not brought into subjection to the obedience of faith, something analogous to the supposed Protestant reasoning seems to have been whispered amongst a portion of St. Augustin's clergy; or if not actually whispered, at any rate the wise and prudent bishop thought it not improbable that some such notions might occur to them, and therefore he answered them by anticipation. "I very well know," he says, "that God is everywhere; and that He who made all things is not contained or confined within any particular place, and that He must be adored by all true worshippers in spirit and in truth, and that He who heareth in secret can also justify and reward in secret: nevertheless, we go by notorious facts, facts which are seen and known by all men. We do not attempt to pry into the hidden counsels of God, and to inquire *why* these miracles are done in one place, and not done in another. We are contented with the fact. It is a fact within our own knowledge, that at a sacred shrine in Milan, where even the evil spirits are in a wonderful and terrible manner forced to declare themselves (he is alluding probably to the relics of Gervasius and Protasius), a certain thief, who came there with the intention of perjuring himself and so deceiving others, was nevertheless compelled to acknowledge the theft, and to restore the stolen property. In the same way, the sacredness of the shrine of St. Felix of Nola is notorious to the whole world; and thither we have chosen to send these people, because from thence we shall have more easy and certain intelligence (through the intervention probably of his friend, the bishop of that see, St. Paulinus) of whatever manifestations God may vouchsafe in either of them. We have an abundance of holy martyrs' remains in our own country, yet we do not know of any where such things as these are wont to happen." He does not mean that he does not know of any African shrines where miracles are wrought; this would be inconsistent with the very minute information which he has himself given us in other parts of his writings of miraculous cures, conversions, and other graces received at different holy places in the neighbourhood of Carthage; but he means precisely what he says, that "*hæc miracula*," "*talia miracula*," (these very same miracles, miracles of this particular class) are not, as far as he knows, wrought at any native altar. Diseases may be healed, vows and prayers may receive a miraculous answer in several places, but falsehood is not miraculously detected there; this is a peculiarity of some other sanctuaries, to one of which he has therefore sent these two individuals for the more satisfactory elucidation of the truth. "For," as St. Augustin goes on to say, "just as (according to the apostle's

word) not all saints have the grace of healing, nor all the discerning of spirits, so neither has God willed that these miracles should be done at the shrines of all saints, but only at some: He divides to every one according as He will."\*

We trust we have now sufficiently vindicated both the principle of Christian pilgrimages and also their high antiquity, having been moved to do so partly by the extremely silly and pernicious nonsense which has been lately written on this topic in certain Protestant publications not unlikely, we fear, to fall into Catholic hands, especially into the hands of Catholic youth; partly also by the appearance of the interesting journals of pilgrimages to Jerusalem which we lately noticed. On some future occasion we may probably enter upon more minute and entertaining details.

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## Reviews.

### DR. ROCK'S CHURCH OF OUR FATHERS.

*The Church of our Fathers, as seen in St. Osmund's Rite for the Cathedral of Salisbury: with Dissertations on the Belief and Ritual in England before and after the Coming of the Normans.* By Daniel Rock, D.D. In 3 vols. London, Dolman: 1852.

WE are glad to announce the publication of the third, though we wish we could add the concluding volume of this important work on the ancient English Ritual. We feel, in truth, a little disappointed that a treatise long ago announced for completion in three, will be expanded into four thick octavoes. The reading public—in this department of literature by no means numerous—is apt to be jealous of a contract which they regard as broken, and to overlook the fact that the immense mass of ecclesiastical lore collected by a diligent scholar like Dr. Rock cannot always be accurately reckoned until worked up into a book. St. Osmund's Dissertation on the Divine Offices, whatever its merits may prove to be, is at all events not inappropriately reserved, with some other matters, for a supplementary volume, since it is clear that it can only be regarded as a secondary part of the work,—a mere vehicle, as it were, for the principal portion already in the hands of the

• Epist. lxxviii. : class ii. aliter 137.

reader, and consisting of the fullest and best account ever yet compiled of the belief, rites, popular customs, and observances of the ancient English Church. The statements in the text are in all cases proved and attested by the original authorities given in their original languages at length; a course of proceeding liable indeed to the charge of tediousness from the unlearned reader, but for the controversialist and the scholar obviously indispensable. And though, from the very nature of the case, so vast an accumulation of testimonies may seem to present an appearance of desultory compilation, we are willing to believe that the whole subject could not have been better treated, regard being had to its completeness and permanent utility, rather than to the mere popularity of an amusing book.

The object of the work may be stated in a few words; namely, to furnish irrefragable proofs of the identity, even down to the minutest details, of the Catholic doctrine and practice of the present day with that held and professed by our ancestors from the time of Venerable Bede downwards. Not a shadow of a pretext is left for the absurd statements of Anglicans of a certain school, that "the Church of England" (*i.e.* the Establishment) "is the veritable old Church, only with the dirt washed off its venerable face." The "dirt" in question must indeed have been a rather thick incrustation, not to say a compact and firm petrefaction, if, by scaling it off, the very features of the original have been so completely obliterated. The alleged "novelties of Popery" are in these pages brought back at least to the respectable antiquity of ten or twelve centuries. Dr. Lingard, indeed, in his immortal works, and especially in his *Anglo-Saxon Church*, had done, and *well* done, though much less fully, the same task many years ago. Yet has the enemy not been silenced. A Dr. Hook of Leeds, and a Canon Wordsworth of Westminster, still rejoice in distorting the plainest historical facts to suit Anglican theories. Still we are told to believe that Dr. Sumner of Canterbury is the direct successor and sole representative of St. Augustin, though the one was appointed to that dignity by the Pope, the other by the secular authority of the State. Still the youth of England are assured, often against their own better convictions, that the Anglo-Saxon Church and the Protestant Establishment are (somehow or other) essentially the same, "Popery" being a kind of fungous excrescence, a sort of moral lichen, which overlaid the stones of the old fabric in the course of that indefinite and much maligned period commonly known as "the dark ages;" so that when scraped clean by the tool of the reformer, it came out all bran-



new and stainless,—in fact, precisely as it was first built by St. Paul (himself an excellent Protestant) in “the lifetime of the Apostles.” Such are the assertions of a certain section of the English clergy; and the melancholy truth is, that these persons will not, simply because they dare not, read either Dr. Lingard's or Dr. Rock's account of the Anglo-Saxon Church. They see no use in unsettling their minds. They cannot trust the statements of an adversary; and Papists, it is well known, always falsify quotations and suppress inconvenient evidences. They are aware, of course, that Bede lived some time before the “middle ages,” and that there are some uncomfortable passages in his writings about Masses and purgatory, miracles and invocation of saints. But they prefer to ignore them; or they beg *you* to see how triumphantly a certain Mr. Soames of Oxford, in his Anglo-Saxon history, explains them away, or, where he cannot do that, sneers at them. Dr. Lingard is not to be trusted; he was a party-man. Dr. Rock, too, has an end in view, a party to serve, a cause to write up. We repeat, these books are written in vain. Anglicans rarely read them, and absolutely never put any confidence in their unquestionable veracity. Hold up the page to their faces, and they will peruse it only through smoked spectacles.

Nor are Catholics in general, though for a very different reason, disposed to appreciate as they ought the patient labours of these learned antiquaries and historians. They, it is true, have this excuse for their apparent indifference, that they do not dwell in a dreamy antiquity, and have no anxiety to recal and revive all that their forefathers in the faith did and thought; they are content to possess a present and living reality, being convinced that whatever has become obsolete in the lapse of ages may be suffered to lie in oblivion without any detriment to the Church of to-day. Still, it is very desirable that educated Catholics should be well-informed on the ritual and observances of the ancient national Church; and for this reason we hope that the *Church of our Fathers* will find many Catholic readers. Of course, some will pronounce it too dull, others too long, others too costly, and some again “too learned.” There is indeed some reason to fear that the formidable aspect of whole pages of notes, made up of Greek, Latin, Anglo-Saxon, Norman-French, and old English, spelt in such impossible ways as medieval men only ventured to spell, will frighten the latter class not a little. Yet we hesitate not to say, that if they will overcome their first impression and diligently apply themselves to a perusal of Dr. Rock's pages, they will find them as interesting as the information they con-

vey is for the most part new. How many terms and practices have long been so completely forgotten, that they now only occur to those engaged in the study of ecclesiastical antiquities! How many more—often unconsciously retained even by Protestants—have a meaning and an origin utterly unintelligible except to those who have read such works as these! How very few there are who, on visiting a cathedral or an old parish church, have any clear knowledge what purpose this niche or that bracket, this screen or that quaint aperture, was intended to serve! Who of the present generation has ever heard of “Canterbury-water,” with the cry of which all England once rang? Who can explain “soul-shot,” “portous,” “pryck-song,” “a certain,” “trindles,” “gaw-dyes,” “frith-stool,” or “Gabriel-bell?” Yet these terms were once familiar to our Catholic ancestors, and are certainly worth rescuing from oblivion, even though they have no direct application to the church-customs of the present age. Something curious might here be told of every one of these words. But let us take only one by way of example. What was the “portous?” It was the *portiforium*, or breviary; the book which, as opposed to the missal always placed on the altar, was carried about, *portabatur foras*. And as the finely-limned and precious-bound volume was worthy of careful regard, it had a leather-wrapper such as we now call a *portfolio*,\* the very shape of which, with its side-pockets, clearly recalls its primary use as a book-cover.

The volume before us is divided into three chapters, which treat in the main of purgatory, invocation of saints, and veneration of relics, respectively. We say *in the main*, because a great deal of very curious and interesting information is introduced *by the way*, which is in many instances quite as valuable as that which forms the more staple commodity of the chapter. Our space will not allow us to do more than take a hasty peep at each of these chapters in turn, making a few remarks as we go along upon some of the more curious facts that have been brought together by Dr. Rock in illustration of them.

Towards the end of the chapter on purgatory, there is a very excellent and convincing dissertation (pp. 114-126) on the “ankret’s window,” the low side-aperture in chancels known to many of our readers by the unmeaning, or at least inappropriate word “lychnoscope.” Nothing, perhaps, has given rise to more vague conjectures and more conflicting

\* The interchange of *l* and *r* is well known to etymologists. Those who reject the above derivation, which we believe to be the true one, will refer it to its use *portandi folia*.



opinions among antiquaries than this window, which is so commonly found even in village churches, that, whatever its use, it would seem to point to a custom almost universal during some centuries. The learned writer now before us shews that it was designed as a means of communication between the people without and a recluse, or anchorite, who lived within the church-walls, usually perhaps in the sacristy or vestry, but sometimes in the parvise\* over the porch, and who acted in the capacity of sacristan, or even chantry-priest.

We would venture, however, to ask Dr. Rock what may be his authority for those strange-looking words, "anker," "ankrage," "ankern," "ankret," and "ankress," elsewhere (p. 119) spelt "ancker" and "anckress." Dr. Rock, who is a Greek scholar, need not be reminded that the word is formed from *ἀναχωρεῖν*, "to retire from the world," "to go into retreat;" and that etymologically "ankret" is as incorrect as "hermit" for "eremite," from *ἐρημία*, where the initial *h* has no proper place. "Hermit," however, has now become an established word; but there is no reason why we should revert to the inaccurate and often ignorant spelling of our forefathers, where a more correct usage prevails in our own time. To do so is to incur the charge of affectation or pedantry. The want of system and fixed laws of orthography, not only in the middle ages, but in the Saxon times, and even (as we know from the certain evidence of inscriptions) in the best ages both of Grecian and Roman literature, will at once account for and excuse a great variety and quaintness in spelling. But they wanted that salutary fear of *vulgarity*, which attaches to a blunder in a time when words are no longer spelt from their sound, but from regard to the elements of their formation. Certainly, the abbreviation of "ankret" from "anchorite" is not nearly so portentous as the contraction of a word of six syllables into one, viz. "eleemosynæ" into "alms:" nevertheless, it is a sound principle not to revive erroneous practices for the senseless reason that they are old.

Almost every village church (to say nothing of cathedrals and collegiate churches, respecting which direct testimonies remain) had its *recluse*, who lived within, and probably never went without the walls of the church, or at least beyond its precincts. Thus, each church was, in its own way, a sort of secular monastery, or rather hermitage. We entirely believe, from the evidences our own researches have supplied, that the learned Doctor is perfectly right in his theory. The recluse,

\* We suggest that this word, which is supposed by some to be a corruption of "paradise," was properly *pervisium*, or the place commanding a view through a slit or window, either within or without the church.



moreover, was often in priest's orders. How could so many priests have been spared from active secular life? The question can only be answered by calling to mind the fact, that previously to the schism there were in England a hundred thousand churches, chapels,\* and chantries, and probably at least as many clergy; whereas now, with perhaps a tripled population, there are only some 15,600 of the Established clergy, and still fewer churches. England *then* compared with England *now*, must have been what modern Rome is to modern London. Whatever may be thought of an undue, that is of an unnecessarily large proportion of clergy to the whole number of inhabitants, the fact as least is certain, that, seculars and regulars included, the entire number in this kingdom during the middle ages was very great.

If there is one point more clear and certain than another in the Anglo-Saxons' creed, it is the Invocation of Saints, and the particular devotion which they paid to our Blessed Lady. The proofs of this collected by Dr. Rock in the second chapter of this volume are of great value and interest, because they for ever set at rest a question which, like so many others, has been most unfairly treated by the majority of Protestant controversialists. Indeed, Dr. Rock is happy in his remark (p. 171), that "in the earliest known legal document belonging to the Anglo-Saxon age (A.D. 604), the first words are an invocation to St. Andrew." On this subject also we cannot forbear quoting the following extract from Venerable Bede's *Homilies*:

"Fuere hæretici qui propter hoc quod dictum est, 'non cognoscebat eam donec peperit Filium,' crederent Mariam post natum Dominum cognitam esse a Joseph, et inde ortos eos quos fratres Domini scriptura appellat, assumentes et hoc in adjutorium sui erroris, quod primogenitus nuncupatur Dominus. *Avertat Deus hanc BLASPHEMIAM a fide omnium nostrum, donetque nobis Catholica pietate intelligere parentes nostri Salvatoris intemerata semper fuisse virginitate præclaros*" (p. 183).

The above opinion, which Venerable Bede so earnestly condemns as blasphemy, is a favourite Protestant argument at the present day. We have ourselves repeatedly heard it urged with all the warmth of theological odium.

The lily, that symbol of purity and virginity, "has been for ages," says Dr. Rock, "acknowledged as the emblem of our Blessed Lady" (p. 248). The learned writer, however, is unable to adduce any proof of this assertion beyond an equi-

\* This is stated in one of Mr. Maskell's liturgical works, to which we have not at present a reference.

vocal passage from certain verses attributed to Bede; and even here the *virgineus flos* is assigned *not* to the B. V., but to the *candida agmina* of virgins which the B. V. leads or conducts (*trahit*). The other quotations are from comparatively recent authors; and even of these, not one directly attributes the lily to the B. V. We notice this, because Dr. Rock enters into minute details on the supposed symbolism conveyed by the number, &c. of the flowers. He thinks that "the forsaking of an old traditional symbol, and the choice in its stead of a new one (the fleur-de-lis), so easily mistakable for an heraldic device, is to be sorely regretted" (p. 249). He alludes to the commonly applied (or, as he will have it, misapplied) embellishment of fleurs-de-lis *or* in modern churches or chapels dedicated to our Lady; and says, that "the fleur-de-lis belongs to the iris family, and therefore is quite a distinct flower from the *lilium candidum* or lily." It is true that the yellow flag (*iris pseudacorus*) was popularly called "flower-de-luce," probably because the triple division and the golden colour of the heraldic ornament bore some fancied resemblance to the flower. But we think that neither the ornament was originally intended to represent a flower at all, nor was it, as Dr. Rock supposes, exclusively a late French device, introduced subsequently to A.D. 1340. The fact is, that both in painting and sculpture the fleur-de-lis is a common ornament even in work of the thirteenth century,\* and we have succeeded in tracing it in every variety of its changing form even to Norman architecture. Its origin is as difficult to determine as any one of the many purely conventional ornaments used in medieval decoration; but very probably it was meant for a spear-head. So far we agree with Dr. Rock, that it never had the remotest connexion with the B. V., that idea having lately arisen from its unmeaning heraldic appellation of fleur-de-lis. As for the white lily, generally seen in pictures of the Annunciation, we believe it to have been first assigned to the B. V., as an emblem of virginity, by the earliest school of oil-painters in the fifteenth century.

Here also we would mention another disputed point in antiquarianism on which we are unable to coincide with Dr. Rock. We allude to his theory about the SS collar, so often seen round the necks of recumbent knightly effigies, and so puzzling to all antiquaries. That it was a Lancastrian badge is agreed by all; and Dr. R. thinks that it was originally an heirloom in the house of Lancaster; and he endeavours to shew that the letter S was a cognisance or livery of John of Gaunt's house-

\* It may be seen in a diaper painting of this date from West Walton Church, Norfolk, engraved in vol. i. of Colling's *Gothic Ornaments*.

hold, on the authority of an inventory of plate belonging to Edward III. and Richard II., whereon the said letter was engraved. This, however, can hardly be called satisfactory evidence for the fact. Still less successful appears to us his conjecture that the S stood for *sanctus*, or rather that SS signified the repetition "sanctus, sanctus." We venture to suggest another explanation, which will of course be spurned by the ardent antiquary as being destitute of "symbolism," but which does not on that account appear to us the less probable. A piece of wire bent into a double link, *i.e.* to form two connecting eyes, is simply the figure **8**; and if, instead of eyes, mere hooks are required, the letter **S** is the result. We are quite aware that so simple an explanation as this will be regarded by many as falling little short of positive heresy, and we do not care to be at the pains of defending it; we merely throw out the idea, and leave it to be ridiculed or accepted according to its deserts.

It is well known that the popular names of flowers were in many instances intended to do honour either to the Blessed Virgin or to others of the holy Saints. On this practice Dr. Rock observes,

"The hind also knew how to tell the feelings of his heart; and though he owned no mead nor field nor grove, upon which to bestow the name of her he loved, he could and did choose the flowers that grew there for his symbols, calling one 'our Lady's mantle,' another 'Marigold,' this 'Virgin's bower,' that 'Mary's fan;' culling them to grace his cottage-walls, with a hope that he and his would be shielded from ills and harms by the kindness of God, won for him through the prayers of her under whose protection he had thus openly put himself in hanging this emblem of hers about his homestead" (p. 288).

"In some parts of Cornwall, branches of sea-weed dried and fastened in turned wooden stands are set up as ornaments on the chimney-piece, &c. The poor people suppose that they preserve the house from fire; and they are known by the name of 'Lady's trees,' in honour, I suppose, of the Virgin Mary."\*

We believe that "Lady's trees" is a corruption of "Lady's tresses." A small plant of the orchis family, *spiranthes autumnalis*, not uncommon on chalk downs, still bears this popular name, which seems to be an old one, for the twisted spike of that flower much resembles one of the hair-dressings in use at the close of the fourteenth century. All names of flowers compounded with the word Lady probably mean *our Lady*. Thus, Ladies' slipper (*cypridium*); Ladies' fingers

\* Quoted by Dr. Rock, p. 289, from *Notes and Queries*, iii. 206.



(*anthyllis vulneraria*); Ladies' Bed-straw (*i.e.* bed-strew,\* *galium*); Ladies' smock (*alchemilla vulgaris*); and similar names, such as Maidens' hair (*adiantum capillus Veneris*); Motherwort (*Leonurus cardiaca*); and perhaps Rosemary, which others plausibly derive from Horace's *ros marinus*;† all of which bear an interesting testimony to the same devotions. Many other names might be quoted which have descended from Catholic times: Archangel (*galeobdolon luteum*); Sweet Basil (*calamintha acinos*); Sweet Maudlin, Sweet Cicely (from SS. Magdalene and Cecilia); costmary, *i.e.* *costum Mariæ*, or Mary's balsam; Bishop's weed, Monkshood (*aconitum napellus*); Herb Robert (*geranium Robertianum*); Samphire (*i.e.* San Pierre, *crithmum maritimum*); Pasque-flower (*anemone pulsatilla*); Herb Bennet (*geum urbanum*); Cross-wort (*galium cruciatum*); Osmund Royal (*osmunda regalis*), &c. Canterbury-bell (*campanula latifolia*) is a term explained by Dr. Rock (p. 443) from the hand-bells rung in the processions of pilgrims to the shrine of St. Thomas.

"Our Lady's Psalter," now known by the term Rosary (which, however, is comparatively modern), is very fully explained by Dr. Rock (p. 320 &c.), as well as the origin of *beads* and *beadsmen* (p. 131). Beadsmen are prayer-men, *i.e.* persons specially appointed to say aves and paternosters for the soul of the founder of the charity. How few children are there now-a-days wearing a necklace of *beads*, who know that it properly means a necklace of *prayers*! The "belt of Paternosters," one of the earliest known forms of the rosary, and mentioned in an Anglo-Saxon council held at the beginning of the ninth century, seems to have been

"The girdle worn round the waist by religious persons, of leather, and studded with small metal button-like bosses, or else deeply notched all along that end which, after being fastened by a buckle, hung loose almost to the ground at the wearer's side, so that it could be easily used for telling the 'Our fathers' at prayer-time" (p. 8).

"The ankret (anchorite) of Finthall, St. Godric, used little stones. For singing the rosary, beads were in England employed very generally, though not to the exclusion of other modes, for numbering its 'Hail Marys' and 'Our Fathers.' These strings of beads were mostly of two lengths, one of fifty, the other of no more than ten 'Aves.' This shorter one was carried in the hand, fastened to the little finger by a ring, from which it fell in a straight line; the longer one used to be worn slung, as it was circular, about the arm, or hanging somewhere upon the person; and not unfrequently were they as precious as art, or as costly as the richest materials could

\* Hence the use of the vulgar expression, "to be in the straw."

† Od. iii. 23, 16.

make them. Instead of beads, finger-rings of gold or silver, having ten low knobs for the 'aves,' and a higher and broader one shewing the crucifix wrought on it for the 'Pater noster,' were occasionally worn; and several persons there were who, like Archbishop Winchelsey, said our Lady's psalter, not by telling their beads, but their fingers" (p. 326).

Hence we find in old wills the terms "a pair of gold paternosters of fifty pieces," "a pair of beads of gold," "a ring with the five roses," "a litil peyre of beyds of silvir of x. and with a knoppe of gold," &c., and many such curious allusions, which are intelligible to few but those who are deeply versed in antiquarian lore, or have gained such knowledge in a more easy way by the study of this interesting volume.

Among the various ways by which our Anglo-Saxon forefathers strove to shew their reverence for God's saints, which are enumerated by Dr. Rock in the third and last chapter of his work, was one which was in fact adapted from the habits of their Pagan ancestors; we mean the practice of bestowing upon those churches which contained the relics of some of the more celebrated among the saints, the right of sanctuary or refuge for criminals, called the "Frith-stool," or stool of peace (p. 365). We repeat that this was but the revival of a privilege that had been attached to the temples of certain heathen deities under the Roman empire. The classical reader may satisfy himself of the identity of the two things by a reference to Tacitus,\* where the claims of certain Greek states to the "*vetustum asyli jus*" and the "*licentia atque impunitas asyla statuendi*" are recorded. And it is more than probable that the truths contained in the following passage out of the same author† were felt in their full force before this abused privilege was taken away from the ancient churches of this kingdom:

"Complebantur templa pessimis servitorum; eodem subsidio obæerati adversum creditores, suspectique capitalium criminum receptabantur. Nec ullum satis validum imperium erat coercendis seditionibus populi, flagitia hominum ut cæremonias deorum protegentis."

There are many estimable persons who cannot bear to hear of any analogy between classical and Christian usages; who are startled, if not positively disconcerted, when they come across such a phenomenon. Yet it is an unquestionable fact that even our Church vestments are simply altered and curtailed forms of the Roman robes of office, as Dr. Rock himself has proved, at great length and with much learning, in vols. i. and ii. of the present work. Again, the sprinkling of the people and

\* Annal. iii. 60; iv. 14.

† Vol. iii. 60.

the altar with lustral water before the sacrifice, was a practice of the Greeks centuries before the birth of our Lord.\* Probably those who pretend to make such acknowledged adaptations an objection to Catholicity, have yet to learn that the bride-cake they eat at weddings is derived from the marriage by *confarreatio* of the Romans; and that the three handfuls of dust which are thrown on the coffin, even in a Protestant funeral, are nothing more than the *ter injectus pulvis* of Horace.† The truth is, that a certain admixture of the old leaven is inseparable from long-established civilisation and traditional usages; nor is it reasonable to object to ancient customs on account of their origin, where they involve neither errors in doctrine nor social disadvantages. Otherwise, the old-fashioned festivities of Christmas, the yule-log, the green boughs, the masques, and the "frumety,"‡ must be condemned as pernicious superstitions. To wish our friends a "happy new year" must be pronounced wrong, because the old Romans did the same;§ in fact, the whole framework of our social institutions would require to be remodelled.

It is much to be regretted that the fine specimen of rhyming Latinity given in p. 257, from a Psalter in the author's own valuable collection of mss., should have been so deformed by false punctuation as to be unintelligible to most readers. A more perfect example of the double rhyme (*i. e.* terminal and medial) we have seldom met with: thus,

"Quamvis sciam quod Mariam nemo digne prædicet,  
Tamen vanus vel insanus est qui illam reticet," &c.

Yet in the printing of seventy-one verses there are not less than twenty-two instances in which the stops positively destroy the sense, to say nothing of at least as many more in which they are either omitted or wrongly inserted. Perhaps, indeed, the transcription from the ms. was so religiously made, that every stop, right or wrong, was carefully represented in the typography. But why should we take pains to publish evidence that our forefathers read and wrote verses which they could not have understood? This is to act like the Chinese artist, who having received an order to make a costly set of porcelain after the *exact* model of a dish which happened to have a crack in it, took care to copy not only the design, but the crack too. As the lines just quoted are specimens of a

\* Aristoph. Pax. 957, 970.

† Od. i. 28, 36.

‡ "Yule" is an old word (the same as *gold* and *yellow*) meaning "the sun," so that the "yule-log" is, in fact, a remnant of heathen fire-worship. "Frumety" is a sort of porridge made of "frumentum," bread-corn.

§ Ovid. Fast. i. 175.



spurious trochaic measure, so the following (p. 313) are good instances of the same kind of rhyming hexameter :

“ Salve Regina, mater miseris medicina,  
Lux matutina, rosa flos, et stella marina ;  
Clavis es, ut credo, celestis apertio valvæ,  
Vitæ dulcedo, spes nostra piissima, salve :”

where each distich rhymes in two places. Yet even here a palpable error is allowed to remain in v. 5, “celi, virgo, decor, assumpta *suis benedictis*,” which is nonsense, and does not rhyme with *relictis* in the following verse. Read, therefore, *tuis benedictis*. These little matters are not unimportant; they constitute the difference between spiritual meaning and a jargon of mere words. Even our own Vesper-books, by the way, are not unfrequently disfigured by such faults. Take, for instance, the *Alma Redemptoris* in the Complin, which we have often seen printed thus :

“ Alma Redemptoris mater, quæ pervia cœli,  
Porta manes, et stella maris, succurre cadenti.  
Surgere qui curat, populo : tu quæ genuisti,  
Natura mirante, tuum sanctum Genitorem.  
Virgo prius ac posterius, Gabrielis ab ore.  
Sumens illud Ave, peccatorum miserere :”

where we need hardly say that the stops after *cœli*, *cadenti*, *Genitorem*, and *ore*, entirely disguise the meaning. We could mention other instances not a few; but it is enough to have called attention to the subject.

As the origin of rhyming or doggrel Latin verse is, perhaps, not generally well understood, and as it is the undoubted parent of an almost universal practice in modern poetry, a few concluding remarks on this subject will not be altogether out of place. The classical poets, it is well known, differ from the medieval in this essential point, that the former were restricted by unvarying laws of syllabic quantity, while the latter merely attended to the *number* of syllables in a verse, regard being generally had, though not always, to the usual accent in pronouncing them. When this latter was wholly disregarded, a most unmusical effect is produced. This sort of verse (the lowest in the artistic scale) is well illustrated by the hymn in the Vespers for Easter Sunday, which must be accented thus, if any rhythm at all is to be extracted from it :

“ O filii et filiæ,  
Rex cœlestis, Rex gloriæ,  
Morté surrexit hodie,  
Alleluia.

Et mane primi Sabbati  
Ad ostium monûmenti  
Accésserunt discipuli  
Alleluia.

Et Mária Magdálene,  
Et Jácoli et Sálome  
Venerunt corpus ungere  
Alleluia.

At all events, we must choose between reading the lines as plain prose, or perpetrating what in classical Latin would be many false quantities. The rhyme, however, of each stanza shews that the latter alternative must be adopted. Now it would be a mistake to suppose that rhyme was a principle wholly unknown to the classic poets of the best age; but it is rather curious that its origin seems to have been purely accidental. Thus Virgil, in constructing the verse,

“Cornua velatarum obvertimus antennarum” (*Æn.* iii. 549),

had no choice in the matter; a rhyme was forced upon him. In the same way, the similarity of termination in two places of a pentameter arose from the unavoidable position of an adjective and substantive agreeing in gender and case; as Ovid, *Fast.* i. 22,

“Civica pro trepidis cum tulit arma reis;”

of which hundreds of examples might be collected from any elegiac poet. This rhyme seems mightily to have pleased the Christian poets, who adopted by preference and as a principle what was at first, perhaps, rather avoided than otherwise as an untoward accident. What the one regarded as a jingle of sounds, the other admired as a musical harmony. But there are fewer examples of rhyme in the classical hexameter. Such are,\*

“Nec tibi Tyrrhena solvatur funis arena,”

and

“Quin etiam absenti prosunt tibi, Cynthia, venti.”

Still fewer where a distich rhymes, as†

“Non, non humani partus sunt talia dona;  
Ista decem menses non peperere bona.”

Had proper attention been paid to the rhyme, we should not now read in the prose for Easter Sunday,

“Surrexit Christus spes mea: præcedet vos in Galilæam,”

where *in Galilæa* is the true reading: this use of the preposition with the ablative case, though not classical, being not very uncommon in ecclesiastical Latinity.

Some kinds of medieval rhyme are scarcely perceptible to our ears, and probably depended for their effect on a cer-

\* Propertius, i. 8, 11, and i. 17, 5, where Lachmann (ed. 1816) has collected many similar instances.

† Propert. ii. 3. 27.

tain intonation or accentuation now little understood. Few perhaps observe, often as those verses are sung, the alternate rhyme in *O salutaris Hostia*, more particularly since the last word in the second line is very often printed *ostia*, thus making it rhyme with the first line, instead of *ostium* as it should be, to rhyme with the fourth line. Similarly in the *Lauda Sion* and the *Stabat Mater*, the only rhymes which arrest the ear are those of the couplets; yet the third verse of one stanza invariably terminates similarly to that of the next.

We must, however, conclude; and perhaps we ought to do so by apologising to our readers for a somewhat desultory notice of a very interesting, learned, and instructive work. No apology, however, will be needed for giving at length the eloquent passage with which this third volume concludes:

“ We have now gone over, if not all, most at least of the articles in that belief which was held in this country for a thousand unbroken years as the national faith. During those ten long centuries not merely great but organic changes were brought about here in every corner of our social life. Strangers came hither, and fought and overthrew the Saxon; the old race of kings was tumbled from a throne upon which the Norman seated himself; laws, language, customs, dress, every thing of this world's fashion, was altered. But throughout all these throes at each birth of a new state of society, it mattered not what dynasty wielded the sceptre, what hand grasped the sword, the Church never varied one smallest tittle in her teaching; it mattered not what region bred the men, who sat either in our primatial or our episcopal sees, all and every one of our pastors, from the sainted Austin down to the forsworn Cranmer, themselves believed and taught others to believe the one same faith; all our princes, from Æthelbert to the eighth Henry, believed and upheld its tenets. Whether the Italian Austin, Theodore the Greek, Dunstan the Anglo-Saxon, Wilfrid of Northumbria, the Irish Aidan, Cuthbert of Lindisfarne, Lanfranc and Anselm the Lombards, Osmund the Norman, or Thomas the Martyr and stout-hearted Englishman, sat at Canterbury, or York, or Sarum, or elsewhere, each and every one of them spoke and wrote and taught the selfsame doctrines. What those Catholics believed in their times and places, neither more nor less do we Catholics believe in ours; and our Church now is, as it has ever been, the very same with THE CHURCH OF OUR FATHERS.”

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## DR. MACKAY'S POPULAR DELUSIONS.

*Memoirs of Extraordinary Popular Delusions and the Madness of Crowds.* By Charles Mackay, LL.D. 2 vols. London, Office of the National Illustrated Library.

IN noticing the Travels of MM. Huc & Gabet, which were published in this same series of the National Illustrated Library, we remarked that the editors had thrown into the preface a few grains of spice of a very doubtful character, seemingly intended to humour the Protestant appetite of the public for whom they were catering, which might otherwise shew symptoms of nausea at the Popish dish that was being set before it. The present volumes, however, are a perfect holocaust offered up on the same altar of anti-Catholic bigotry; and it is with extreme regret that we observe such a phenomenon in a series which had seemed to promise to the reading portion of the Catholic as well as of the Protestant public so much innocent entertainment at a very moderate price. The series calls itself a *National Library*, and on the binding of its volumes are exhibited the three national emblems, the rose, the shamrock, and the thistle, very pleasingly and artistically combined; yet the specimen whose title we have placed at the head of this article is little else than a continued elaborate insult of every thing which the Catholic respects and venerates. It is a book which no Catholic would knowingly place in his children's hands, or could himself read with ordinary patience, unless he be blessed with a singular equanimity of temperament, to which we make no pretensions.

Those who have not looked into these volumes will be somewhat surprised to hear us speak so severely of a book seemingly on so innocent a topic. "Extraordinary Popular Delusions and the Madness of Crowds:" what can be more harmless? Surely an entertaining work might be written on this subject, even by the most bigoted Protestant, which should not be offensive to Catholics. Let us run through the headings of the chapters, and see whether Dr. Mackay at least has succeeded. The first extraordinary popular delusion in one of these volumes is the *Crusades!* the last in the same volume is *Relics!* Let us look closer into the work, and see whether the whole piece tallies with this sample. In the chapter on the Crusades, we read that in those days "the clergy were all in all, and kept the popular mind in the most slavish subjection with regard to religious matters;" that such and such a priest "became from that day forth 'dreamer of dreams' in general

to the army;" and a great deal more in the same strain which we do not choose to repeat. In the chapter on Relics, it is enough to say that the wood of the True Cross ranks side by side with Shakspeare's mulberry-tree and Napoleon's willow, the relics of saints with those of murderers and other criminals, &c. &c. Nor are the intervening chapters, even when written on indifferent subjects, free from the same leaven. In the chapter on the Witch Mania, we read of "the absurd impersonation of the evil principle formed by the monks in their legends," and that "in the early period of this epidemic the persecutions were directed by the heads of the Catholic Church." Dr. Mackay cannot even write about "slow poisoners," without having a fling at "the miraculous oil which was said to ooze from the tomb of St. Nicholas of Bari;" nor about "great thieves," without insinuating that Italian bandits are more charitable than Italian monks; nor about "haunted houses," without inserting a malicious story about "a clever trick of this kind having been played off by six monks," for the sake of obtaining fraudulent possession of a magnificent royal residence which stood in their neighbourhood. Finally,—for we think we may fairly leave this specimen as the climax of our author's bigotry and ignorance,—Albertus Magnus and St. Thomas Aquinas figure in these pages among "the alchymists," and stories are told of both of them as having had recourse to "the black art" and the use of cabalistic charms.

After what we have said, our readers will neither expect nor desire to be favoured with many extracts. We shall confine ourselves to one or two taken from the first volume, which as a whole is far less objectionable than the second. Our first extract shall be taken from one of the most interesting chapters of the whole, "the Money Mania, or Mississippi Scheme," a career of extravagant speculation in France somewhat of the same character as the South-Sea Bubble in England, and nearly cotemporaneous with it.

"Law was now at the zenith of his prosperity, and the people were rapidly approaching the zenith of their infatuation. The highest and the lowest classes were alike filled with a vision of boundless wealth. There was not a person of note among the aristocracy, with the exception of the Duke of St. Simon and Marshall Villars, who was not engaged in buying or selling stock. People of every age and sex and condition in life speculated in the rise and fall of the Mississippi bonds. The Rue de Quincampoix was the grand resort of the jobbers; and it being a narrow inconvenient street, accidents continually occurred in it, from the tremendous pressure of the crowd. Houses in it, worth in ordinary times a thousand livres of yearly rent, yielded as much as twelve or sixteen thousand. A cobbler,



who had a stall in it, gained about two hundred livres a day by letting it out, and furnishing writing materials to brokers and their clients. The story goes, that a hunchback man who stood in the street gained considerable sums by lending his hump as a writing-desk to the eager speculators ! The great concourse of persons who assembled to do business brought a still greater concourse of spectators. These, again, drew all the thieves and immoral characters of Paris to the spot, and constant riots and disturbances took place. At nightfall, it was often found necessary to send a troop of soldiers to clear the streets." \* \* \*

"The honest old soldier, Marshall Villars, was so vexed to see the folly which had smitten his countrymen, that he never could speak with temper on the subject. Passing one day through the Place Vendôme in his carriage, the choleric gentleman was so annoyed at the infatuation of the people, that he abruptly ordered his coachman to stop, and, putting his head out of the carriage-window, harangued them for full half-an-hour on their 'disgusting avarice.' This was not a very wise proceeding on his part. Hisses and shouts of laughter resounded from every side, and jokes without number were aimed at him. There being at last strong symptoms that something more tangible was flying through the air in the direction of his head, the marshal was glad to drive on. He never again repeated the experiment.

"Two sober, quiet, and philosophic men of letters, M. de la Motte and the Abbé Serrason, congratulated each other that they, at least, were free from this strange infatuation. A few days afterwards, as the worthy Abbé was coming out of the Hotel de Soissons, whither he had gone to buy shares in the Mississippi, whom should he see but his friend La Motte entering for the same purpose. 'Ha!' said the Abbé, smiling, 'is that *you*?' 'Yes,' said La Motte, pushing past him as fast as he was able; 'and can that be *you*?' The next time the two scholars met, they talked of philosophy, of science, and of religion, but neither had courage for a long time to breathe one syllable about the Mississippi. At last, when it was mentioned, they agreed that a man ought never to swear against his doing any one thing, and that there was no sort of extravagance of which even a wise man was not capable.

"During this time, Law, the new Plutus, had become all at once the most important personage of the state. The ante-chambers of the regent were forsaken by the courtiers. Peers, judges, and bishops thronged to the Hôtel de Soissons; officers of the army and navy, ladies of title and fashion, and every one to whom hereditary rank or public employ gave a claim to precedence, were to be found waiting in his ante-chambers to beg for a portion of his India stock. Law was so pestered that he was unable to see one-tenth part of the applicants, and every manœuvre that ingenuity could suggest was employed to gain access to him. Peers, whose dignity would have been outraged if the regent had made them wait half-an-hour for an interview, were content to wait six hours for the chance of seeing Mon-



sieur Law. Enormous fees were paid to his servants, if they would merely announce their names. Ladies of rank employed the blandishments of their smiles for the same object; but many of them came day after day for a fortnight before they could obtain an audience. When Law accepted an invitation, he was sometimes so surrounded by ladies, all asking to have their names put down in his lists as shareholders in the new stock, that, in spite of his well-known and habitual gallantry, he was obliged to tear himself away *par force*. The most ludicrous stratagems were employed to have an opportunity of speaking to him. One lady, who had striven in vain during several days, gave up in despair all attempts to see him at his own house, but ordered her coachman to keep a strict watch whenever she was out in her carriage, and if he saw Mr. Law coming, to drive against a post and upset her. The coachman promised obedience, and for three days the lady was driven incessantly through the town, praying inwardly for the opportunity to be overturned. At last she espied Mr. Law, and, pulling the string, called out to the coachman, 'Upset us now! for God's sake, upset us now!' The coachman drove against a post, the lady screamed, the coach was overturned, and Law, who had seen the *accident*, hastened to the spot to render assistance. The cunning dame was led into the Hôtel de Soissons, where she soon thought it advisable to recover from her fright, and, after apologising to Mr. Law, confessed her stratagem. Law smiled, and entered the lady in his books as a purchaser of a quantity of India stock. Another story is told of a Madame de Boucha, who, knowing that Mr. Law was at dinner at a certain house, proceeded thither in her carriage, and gave the alarm of fire. The company started from table, and Law among the rest; but seeing one lady making all haste into the house towards him, whilst every body else was scampering away, he suspected the trick, and ran off in another direction."

Our second extract shall be taken from a far less disgusting mania, though perhaps an almost more unaccountable one, the *Tulipomania*. The tulip was first introduced into this country from Vienna in 1600, but it had been known in Germany for fifty years before, having been first sent to a gentleman in Augsburg by a friend at Constantinople, where the flower had long been a favourite. It was in Holland, however, that the Tulipomania reached its most extravagant height.

"In 1624, the rage among the Dutch to possess them was so great, that the ordinary industry of the country was neglected, and the population, even to its lowest dregs, embarked in the tulip trade. As the mania increased, prices augmented, until, in the year 1635, many persons were known to invest a fortune of 100,000 florins in the purchase of forty roots. It then became necessary to sell them by their weight in *perits*, a small weight less than a grain. A tulip of the species called *Admiral Liefken*, weighing 400 *perits*, was worth

4400 florins; an *Admiral Van der Eyck*, weighing 446 *perits*, was worth 1260 florins; a *Childer* of 106 *perits* was worth 1615 florins; a *Viceroy* of 400 *perits*, 3000 florins; and, most precious of all, a *Semper Augustus*, weighing 200 *perits*, was thought to be very cheap at 5500 florins. The latter was much sought after, and even an inferior bulb might command a price of 2000 florins. It is related that at one time, early in 1636, there were only two roots of this description to be had in all Holland, and those not of the best. One was in the possession of a dealer in Amsterdam, and the other in Haarlem. So anxious were the speculators to obtain them, that one person offered the fee-simple of twelve acres of building-ground for the Haarlem tulip. That of Amsterdam was bought for 4600 florins, a new carriage, two grey horses, and a complete suit of harness.

“People who had been absent from Holland, and whose chance it was to return when this folly was at its maximum, were sometimes led into awkward dilemmas by their ignorance. There is an amusing instance of the kind related in Blainville's *Travels*. A wealthy merchant, who prided himself not a little on his rare tulips, received upon one occasion a very valuable consignment of merchandise from the Levant. Intelligence of its arrival was brought him by a sailor, who presented himself for that purpose at the counting-house, among bales of goods of every description. The merchant, to reward him for his news, munificently made him a present of a fine red-herring for his breakfast. The sailor had, it appears, a great partiality for onions; and seeing a bulb very like an onion lying upon the counter of this liberal trader, and thinking it, no doubt, very much out of its place among silks and velvets, he slyly seized an opportunity and slipped it into his pocket, as a relish for his herring. He got clear off with his prize, and proceeded to the quay to eat his breakfast. Hardly was his back turned when the merchant missed his valuable *Semper Augustus*, worth 3000 florins, or about 280*l.* sterling. The whole establishment was instantly in an uproar; search was every where made for the precious root, but it was not to be found. Great was the merchant's distress of mind. The search was renewed, but again without success. At last some one thought of the sailor. The unhappy merchant sprang into the street at the bare suggestion. His alarmed household followed him. The sailor, simple soul! had not thought of concealment. He was found quietly sitting on a coil of ropes, masticating the last morsel of his ‘onion.’ Little did he dream that he had been eating a breakfast whose cost might have regaled a whole ship's crew for a twelvemonth; or, as the plundered merchant himself expressed it, ‘might have sumptuously feasted the Prince of Orange and the whole Court of the Stadtholder.’ . . . The poor man remained in prison for some months on a charge of felony preferred against him by the merchant.”

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## SHORT NOTICES.

A VERY painful feature in the more recent developments of Puseyism is the eagerness with which its advocates seek to appropriate any work that has emanated from a Catholic pen, but has been authoritatively condemned by the Church. *Sympathies of the Continent, or Proposals for a new Reformation*, by Dr. Hirscher, translated and edited, with notes and introduction, by Rev. A. C. Coxe (Parker, Oxford), is a phenomenon of this kind.

*James Jordan; or, the Treasure and its Price: a Working Man's Narrative* (London, Dolman), is the history of a convert from the Establishment to the Church. It differs, however, from ordinary tales of its class, by eschewing minute details of doctrinal controversy, and grappling only with the vital question, on which all others depend. Even this, too, is altogether subordinate to the delineation of the temper and character of the principal heroes and heroines of the narrative. This alone gives it an immeasurable superiority over most other controversial tales; but it has also the additional merit of being written with great talent and liveliness. Some of the incidents strike us as improbable; but the characters, more especially of the *respectable* Establishmentarians, are eminently truthful, and the whole is full of life and spirit.

*Avrillon's Guide for passing holily the Day and the Octave of Corpus Christi* (Richardson and Son), has come to hand too late for our recommendation of it to be of any practical use to our readers, at least for this year.

*A Novena in honour of St. Theresa*, translated from the French (Richardson and Son), and *A Novena in honour of the most Blessed V. Mary of Mount Carmel*, translated from the Spanish (Burns and Lambert), are acceptable additions to our devotional stores. Perhaps it is easier to translate from the Spanish than from the French; certainly the translation from the Spanish appears to us to be the most successful of the two.

*The Principles of Freedom applied to the Tenure of Land*, by One of the People (Richardson and Son), advocates various reforms in the laws which at present regulate the tenure and transfer of land, more especially the abolition of the law of entail, but is altogether opposed to the Tenant-Right League in Ireland, which it condemns both as unjust and impracticable.

*The Passion of Jesus* (Richardson and Son) is a collection of very pleasing poems on various points in the Passion of our Lord, arranged so as to illustrate the five sorrowful mysteries of the Rosary. Their author, M. Bridges, Esq., is already known to our readers by another volume of poetry, entitled *Hymns of the Heart*. The hymns in the present volume are of the same general character, and in many instances, we think, of even superior merit.



The *Dublin Review* for this month contains a short but *telling* article on Meyrick's *Church in Spain*, and an interesting notice of *Lord Jeffrey's Life and Letters*. The articles on Miss Sellon and her sisterhood, and on Scudamore's *Letters to a Seceder*, leave off just where we would have had them begin.

A very useful *Mass for Four Voices, in C major*, composed by Giovanni Battista Casali (Burns and Lambert), has just been brought out by an editor whose initials, "C. N., St. Cuthbert's College, Ushaw," will be a guarantee for the good taste and ecclesiastical character of the work so recommended. We think it one of the most serviceable and pleasing masses available to English choirs; the melodies pleasing, the harmonies musician-like and varied, and the solo movements not excessive. The whole is neither too long nor too short, and sufficiently easy in execution.

The Fourth Part of *The Choir* (Burns and Lambert) contains eleven pieces, in an ample variety of styles. The first and most remarkable, a *Laudabo Dominum* by Verhulst, is a clever and effective work, but we question the judiciousness of the choice by which it was selected as a specimen of an organ obligato accompaniment. The instrumental part strikes us as eminently orchestral. Of the rest of the compositions, the most perfect is a charming little *O bone Jesu*, the composer's name not given. Stadler's *Ecce Sacerdos Magnus* is a favourable example of the skill of Mozart's master. Apell's *Ecce Panis* is a sweet and plaintive movement in a more modern style. Capsberger's *Stabat Mater*, Palestrina's *O Salutaris*, and Casali's *Constitues eos*, are of fair merit; Hasse's *Sanctus* is pleasing and useful (as the editors justly call it), and the same may be said of Marcello's *Kyrie*. Soriano's *Salve Regina* is an excellent harmonised chant, much to our taste. The only defect in the Part is the selection of the words adapted to a short piece by Carissimi, which are utterly unsuited to the rhythm of the music.

Mr. Formby promises to be one of our very best contributors to the amusement and real *education* of the young mind. His *Young Singer's Book of Songs* we have already strongly recommended our readers to buy and circulate in all school-rooms; and we lose no time in repeating a similar recommendation of his *Sixty Amusing Songs* (Burns and Lambert, and Longmans), on behalf of nurseries and all places where little people are congregated. The present collection is introductory to Mr. Formby's former series, and contains an admirable selection of lively, pretty, intelligible, and unexceptionable songs and tunes. The accompaniments are perfectly simple, but executed with the care of a musician. We should be glad to see the words printed separately, to provide for the wear and tear of children's fingers, at as small a cost as is compatible with the expenses,—paper, print, and editorship.

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## Ecclesiastical Register.

[As we look upon the Catholic Poor-School Committee as one of the most valuable institutions of which the Church in England can boast, we have great pleasure in giving increased circulation to the following powerful appeal in its behalf, taken from a late Pastoral Letter of his Eminence Cardinal Wiseman.—*Ed. R.*]

NICHOLAS, by the divine mercy, of the Holy Roman Church, by the title of St. Pudentiana, Cardinal Priest, and Archbishop of Westminster, to our dearly beloved children in Christ, the Faithful of the said Archdiocese, health and benediction in the Lord.

THE Sunday after the octave of Corpus Christi, the day consecrated to the Divine Heart of Jesus, has been appointed, by the joint consent of the English Bishops, for a general collection throughout their dioceses in favour of the Catholic Poor-School Committee. We address you, therefore, dearly beloved children in Christ, according to our wont, in recommendation of this important charity. Every year that we discharge this duty, we necessarily bear an additional testimony to its efficiency and usefulness; for every year of its duration tests its solidity, and proves the wisdom of those principles which have secured to it a harmonious action with such varied elements.

It may not, indeed, be without its use to bring before you once more, in a few words, the nature and objects of this important organ of Catholic educational interests. The necessity of some Committee to guard and promote the interests of Catholic poor education had long been felt, and attempts had been made in vain to organise such a body. A plan was at length brought before the Bishops and adopted, which has proved admirably suited to the ends proposed. Two gentlemen of high character and position were joined to a priest from each district or diocese, by the Bishop's selection; and those delegates meeting together formed a council of representatives, to whose honour, zeal, and prudence could be safely entrusted any general and public interest. And when, last year, upon the filling up of the newly-created Sees, the members of the Committee were greatly increased, no diminution of zeal and energy or of harmony and unanimity was the result. Presided over by a veteran in the cause of charity, of education, and of religion, enjoying the confidence of the episcopal body, commended to all by long-trying fidelity to its trust, as well as by the unimpeachable character of every member composing it, this Committee has been the powerful instrument of the Church in achieving incalculable good, and the faithful dispenser, under Providence, of blessings which otherwise must have been lost. It has given proof of the immense benefit that must result from a firm union between clergy and laity, and their generous co-operation in the same holy cause.

We know and deplore the narrow feeling which has been sometimes expressed against a plan so comprehensive, as though cramping local energies and diverting local resources. Now, in answer to this jealousy, which no doubt springs from an impulse of charity, we will mention only three out of the many important benefits due exclusively to this organisation.

I. And first, dearly beloved, few of you are aware of the difficulties that oppress a poor congregation and its struggling pastor, when endeavouring to obtain assistance for their proposed or rising school. In a retired country neighbourhood, or in a small bigoted town, with a handful of poor Catholic settlers or workmen, but a teeming growth of chil-



dren, beset with snares for their faith baited with education, or left to the alternative of idleness and ignorance, the poor priest soon exhausts his resources and those of his flock in vain attempts to open a school. A loft, or a garret, or a stable, it is at best, or a room in his own small house; crowded, ill-ventilated, unhealthy, interrupted from time to time by the departure of an ill-paid master or mistress, or the failure of means, or the tyranny of a landlord, it is utterly unequal to the demands upon it; and it may sink ere long, with the hopes and the health and the life of him who has spent himself in vain for the little ones of Christ. But no: this *was* so once; thanks to the universal and impartial operation of the Poor-School Committee, it is not so now. To no purpose would that zealous and retired priest have tried to rouse the sympathies of the rich in favour of his helpless flock. Perhaps not one person of that class possessed a local connexion with his mission; and his appeal by advertisement or circular would have fallen dead amidst the multitude of similar applications. But now, instead of this weary and hopeless task, he writes but once to this society: his cry is infallibly listened to; his claim is impartially canvassed by a council representing whatever is noblest in the Catholic body; he receives his fair share of the donations of the rich, and of the contributions from more favoured congregations; his flock is received into the communion of charity by their brethren, as they are already in that of faith. Moreover they feel that they are not alone, their spirits are raised, their courage roused to new exertions; the grant forms the basis of more energetic operations; assistance is meanwhile granted for the maintenance of education; and the neat, airy, and cheerful school that rises under the fostering care of this Society is the first landmark of Catholicity in that waste region, the first evidence of its existence that excites the attention and the inquiries of a neighbouring population. This is no exaggerated picture: many a school now exists which never would have raised its head but for the existence of a central source of distribution, which could make the waters of charity flow to the most lonely and desert places.

II. But further, there are certain general interests which have required an active and a central agency to conduct them. We allude to the obtaining our due share of public educational grants, a benefit involving more delicate negotiation when we are concerned than in the case of any other religious body. For, not to mention some points which might only awaken the keen sensibilities of adversaries, the arrangement of what are called the "management clauses" was the subject of a long and intricate treaty carried on by this Committee with the government of the country. From beginning to end it was conducted by the former on the sternest principle of not yielding one jot of Catholic feeling for any amount of worldly profit; and more than once all was on the point of being abandoned, rather than compromise the smallest ecclesiastical or religious right. But the patient perseverance and calm prudence of the Committee have conquered every difficulty, and obtained terms which more influential religious corporations have complained they could not procure. And all this has been done in the most unostentatious way, without meetings, or speeches, or letters, or appeals to public feeling.

III. Yet, dearly beloved in Christ, this is by no means the greatest benefit which this Society has been the active instrument in securing. Its noblest work is the establishment of an admirable normal school, the fruit of which must be permanent as it will be universal. To begin this task required no little courage; it was literally beginning with nothing and from nothing. A site had to be selected and found to lay the foun-



dation of the material building; an institute had to be thought of in which the very first elements of the spiritual edifice were to be collected. Worldly means, to a large extent, had to be procured for raising the first from the ground to its completion; and the living stones of the second had to be gathered together, we knew not whence nor how. But God knew it all; and never did his blessing more clearly approve a work than it has done the efforts, beyond all praise, of our Committee in this undertaking.

A site was offered so opportunely, so convenient, and so easily to be procured, nay, so formed almost to hand, that Providence seemed to supply it. And at the same time, after studying the various institutions that presented themselves as suited to our wants, the Committee most wisely fixed upon the order established at Ploërmel, in Brittany, by a venerable priest who now counts a thousand brothers under his direction, but who had refused to extend its limits beyond that province, though requested often to do so by the Bishops of France. But for us he charitably relaxed his determination, and kindly answered our application by offering to receive our novices. These were found and sent to be trained while the necessary buildings were in course of erection.

And here too much praise cannot be bestowed on the Committee. By the published estimates you will learn, that while the entire sum collected for this purpose amounts to 7318*l.*, or, deducting a government grant of 1400*l.*, to 5918*l.*, of this no less than 5045*l.* has been contributed or procured by members of the Committee itself. This proves how truly zealous and generous this body has been in its unrequited exertions; how worthy, in truth, of the confidence reposed in it. The result has been most satisfactory. A most beautiful structure, admirably fitted at once for a poor-school and for a training-school, has arisen at Brook Green, and is in full operation under the care of our Brothers, now twelve in number. Of these, some already go to teach in more distant schools; while more youths are passing through their probation in France. We invite you, dearly beloved, in your hours of leisure or recreation, to visit this establishment; for which, as for its neighbouring alms-houses and rising church, the Catholics of London have good reason to be, not proud, but grateful. We regret, however, to add, that as yet a considerable debt, amounting to 468*l.*, remains upon the building; and we earnestly implore those who have the means to contribute liberally towards this special purpose.

And we conclude this hurried and imperfect glance by asserting that, in this establishment, the Catholic Poor-School Committee have founded, and will leave standing for ages, a splendid monument of their disinterested zeal.

Wherefore, beloved children in Christ, have we wearied you with these details? Because we have too plainly observed that of this, as of every great and general charity, it is needful from time to time to refresh the memory and sharpen the feelings of our faithful people. When first such a work is established, all are alive to its purposes and aware of its usefulness. Then forgetfulness creeps on, and newer objects come fresher before the mind; and some grow up to the power of good who remember not its beginnings, and require new information. Then it becomes our duty to recur to the topic again, and repeat what many know; if so, we may lead them back to their first feelings, and quicken once more their holy sensibilities. But we have a further and an important reason for this. There is not, thank God, a church or chapel in which this our Pastoral will be read, wherein there will not be found some, perhaps many, who since the foundation of this Society have em-

braced the Faith. To these it presents, in its bare title, no peculiar claim to preference, no particular attraction for their charity. They know not how it enjoys the confidence of the Bishops, how it has received the sanction of the Sovereign Pontiff, who has opened his spiritual treasury to its benefactors, nor how it has been the means of so much religious good. And to them, therefore, we wish more especially to direct some further exhortation.

You, then, whom God in his mercy has conducted to the bosom of his holy Church, our joy and our crown, listen to the affectionate words which, in the fulness of our heart, we address you. After years of thirst, you have come to the fountains of living waters; after a long desert-wandering, you have reached the promised land. Gladly do we accord you many privileges to us denied, in your keener relish for the sweet taste of its overflowing milk and honey, the livelier appreciation of the sublime truths and deep wisdom of religion, a fresher sense of gratitude for blessings which had well-nigh escaped our thoughts. Engrafted later into the olive, you have put forth your brighter greenness, you have shed forth your richer oil of gladness, with a strength and an abundance that have gladdened your fellows in the courts of God's house. Starting after us in the race, you have often run before us; in the vigour of your youthful fervour you have outstripped your elders by the boldness of your aims. But there is one thing which from us alone, your elder brethren, you can learn. The stranger, when he comes to a great and ancient city, soon explores, and knows better than many an old inhabitant, its public places, its stately edifices, its historical monuments, its points of grandeur and of beauty. He has soon ransacked them, within and without; and wonders at the ignorance or indifference of those who have, daily for years, seen and not admired. But, in the mean time, these know and can teach what to him is yet unexplored, and can only by patient and weary attention be learnt—the by-ways, and the narrow lanes, and the homely places, in which the real great business of life is carried on, and the every-day mind and the anxious thoughts of those to whom it is entrusted. And thus, dearly beloved, does the convert soon become acquainted with the glories and the charms of God's City on earth, its broad and definite highways of truth, its noble institutions that have filled the world with praise, its monuments preserved through all ages from the very catacombs; its sublime liturgy and splendid ritual, still more its endless overflowings of grace, and its heavenly intercourses with their Source. Life, light, beauty, holiness, divinity itself encompass him, ravish him, and give to his soul anticipations of bliss.

But if he wish truly to incorporate himself with the Body of Christ, which is His Church, he must descend to other scenes, and enter into full communication of charity with what is but poor to contemplate and humiliating to join. He may be thus for years wrapt up in most soothing enjoyment of what is good and fair, yet unacquainted with what forms the Church's great mission around him, its practical work, its daily life. He may not know how many thousands of sinners shrink from facing the dazzling light of the sanctuary in which he basks; how many, sunk in iniquity near the very door of the Church, want courage to pass its threshold; what multitudes of children are beginning to sink into the very mire of iniquity over which they have to walk to life, or are skulking away from instruction in the dark haunts of guilt. He can easily hear the voice of Wisdom calling aloud from the high places, inviting the little ones to her banquet in her stately house (Prov. ix.); but he cannot follow the servants of the good Master as they go through



the dark alleys, collecting the blind and the lame, and gently forcing them into his wedding-feast (Luke xiv.). Then hear and receive kindly these our paternal words. Make yourselves acquainted with our old and homely charities; inquire into our misery, and see how it is relieved. Look not to considerations of taste, nor to higher standards of form; but take our charities as they have been ever conducted, old-fashioned and simple as they may appear, and unlike the more pompous ones of the world. We have our orphanages for the destitute of both sexes, equal, in all but patronage and endowment, to those possessed by any other body. Yet though we read the splendid array of names that attend on any public occasion at any of the latter, ours but seldom receive a sympathetic visit from any of the great; their existence seems unknown. There are in the heart of this metropolis religious communities, educating multitudes of children and visiting the poor, to loss of their own lives, that seldom see a stranger call, of those who most admire the religious life, to cheer them or help them in their work. We have societies most venerable in age as in their object, to relieve and support the aged poor; but while names that have stood there for generations are gradually cancelled from the subscription-lists by death's hand, we do not see their places filled by the many who have brought to us consolation in every other way. God, indeed, forbid that what we have said should be meant to cast a reproach; but, as most dear children, we affectionately exhort you that so in this respect also you may be made perfect.

And to return now to the principal object of this our Pastoral Letter, we assure you, dearly beloved, that while there is no branch of charity more dear to us than the education of the poor, so is there no means by which this is obtained which we so earnestly recommend and so highly value as that for which we address you. We know that prejudices may exist in some minds against it; as conducted upon a form that seems to some worldly-wise, and too dependent on human agency, or as embracing too wide a scope, and too much centralising separated interests. But if the answers which we have made are not convincing on this subject, we entreat you to view it on a higher principle; and, as Catholics, at once to feel that what has obtained the highest sanction and approbation that any such institution can receive from the Church, must be beneficial, excellent, and worthy of cordial support.

Sincerely, then, have we deplored the deficiency in last year's collection, and earnestly do we desire to see it compensated. For this purpose we raise our voice, and call upon you, through the bowels of compassion of our Lord Jesus Christ, to have pity on his poor children, and come to their rescue from peril, and perhaps from destruction, by your generous co-operation with a society which has been, and still is, most efficient in saving them. It is not your contributions merely, when this is read to you, that we desire; but we entreat all whom Providence has blessed to enter themselves as annual subscribers to this institution, so as to secure to it the essential requisite for energetic action, assurance of permanence and of future support.

“And may the Lord multiply you, and make you abound in charity towards one another, and towards all men; as we do also towards you: To confirm your hearts without blame in holiness before God and our Father, at the coming of our Lord Jesus Christ with all his Saints. Amen.” (Thess. iii. 12, 13.)

Given in Westminster, this seventeenth day of June, being the Octave of Corpus Christi, in the year of our Lord M<sup>CC</sup>CLII.

N. CARD. ARCHBISHOP.



## Correspondence.

## POPULAR EDUCATION.

## THE ENGLISH STATESMAN'S IDEA AND PLAN OF POPULAR EDUCATION EXAMINED AS TO ITS AIM, ITS DETAILS, AND RESULTS, AND CONTRASTED WITH THAT OF THE CATHOLIC CHURCH.

[Concluded from p. 82.]

IF the State hold to *her* idea and plan of education, and the Church also to *her* idea and plan, can statesmen and churchmen come to any terms, so as to work together at what is supposed to be the same building, each being also supposed to have their own separate plan of the work, and each wishing to employ their own workmen in the carrying out of their own plan, to the exclusion of any other. Of course any person of common sense must see that this is impossible without a compromise at least on one side, if not on both.

As the State appears to be taking for the present a real part in conjunction with the Church, it is natural to wish to know on whose side the concession has been made. The inquiry, however, is limited to the attempt to ascertain the fact, and no opinion whatever is intended.

The state of the case then appears to be something of this kind :

Politicians seem to say : "Assuming the duty of the State to provide for the education of the people, and to determine what this education is to be, that the great thing against their ideas being carried into effect is, that they have so few whom they can persuade to come and be educated, and for the present compulsion is out of the question. Statesmen, in respect of their education, seem to be rather in the predicament of the ostler in the song, who comes back to his mistress to say,

‘ I’ve been to the ducks that are in the pond,  
But they will not come to be killed, Mistress Bond.’

They are quite ready to educate, and thoroughly comprehend what education is, if they could but find persons who would come to be educated. As an *au pis aller*, they seem to say : We must levy money, and pay to have our work done, as we are not suffered to do it ourselves. We must fix our scale of prices and advertise for tenders, and try what we can get done in this way."

The Catholic Church appears to say : "I have the obligation to educate, I know how to educate, and I have also plenty of poor people who will come to me for education ; but I am extremely poor, and cannot adequately support the necessary expenses of the work."

Then says the State : "Why do you not think of sending in your tenders to me. You know all that I require is the diffusion of secular knowledge ; religion I leave to you. If you send in tenders to me, you may have money, I will build you schoolrooms, I will supply you with books, and help to train and support your teachers. In a word, all I ask you to do is to supply persons to teach and persons to be taught."

"No," says the Catholic Church, "you shall not build schoolrooms for me, for I will not be your tenant at will ; and to tell the truth, I suspect your books ; but if you want education carried into effect, give me your money, and I will lay it out."

"Very well," says the State ; "I am ready, as you know, to give money to *get my own ideas of education* carried into effect."

"If you will give me your money," replies the Church, "without my giving you any *real control* over the building which I have to raise, without my suffering you to send your workmen or to substitute any portion of your own plan and design for mine, I shall receive it with much gratitude."

"Well," says the State, "I have, it is true, no concern with your religious ideas, but have we not a common ground in the diffusion of secular knowledge? I will give you money for this purpose, and I shall send an inspector to satisfy me that you are spending my money in the diffusion of this knowledge. He shall have no power to interfere with you, but my grants of money shall be determined by his reports, and you shall guarantee him admission."

The inference here seems tolerably clear, that in the *theory* of such a compact as this, there is little if any real concession on the part of the Church. The Government inspector's visit to a school is not in theory any thing more than the visit of any other stranger who comes to satisfy his curiosity, and who is known to have money to give away in case he happens to be pleased and delighted. It need not in practice be more than this; it *may*, of course, be made much more. The coming of the inspector may, for instance, be announced from the pulpit, the hours at which he will examine the different schools may be accurately proclaimed, and both committee-men and parents may be invited to attend the examinations, and to shew by their presence the interest they take in the progress of the "state plan of education." The priests also may accompany the Government inspector on his tour through their schools, and also evince their sympathies with the "state idea and plan of education;" and the state functionary may thus become the centre of an animation, an interest, and an eclat, all directed in the line of the ascendancy of the state idea and plan of education, much greater than would result from an inspection on the part of the Bishop. This, of course, is conceivable as within the limits of what is possible. But as all this is no part of the theory of the compact, in *theory* it remains quite true that there has not been any injurious concession.

In theory also the Church is completely free; for the moment the State begins to assume any control, it is said that the compact may be broken, and the connexion shaken off. The fact, however, is that the Church has induced, and is inducing, a greater or less number of young persons to enter upon the career of teachers in schools, while she really depends for their maintenance upon the State's money; and were this to be withheld, these young persons would be thrown upon the wide world, with the knowledge of the longitude and latitude of a great many different places, it is true, but without money for their support in it. That a time *may* come when an ambitious educating statesman *may* annex to the gift of his money a condition that would sorely try the conscience of those who have learned to depend upon it for their support, is no prejudice to the *theory* of the Church's freedom; the compact with the State, *theory* says, may be broken any moment. Would there be any imprudence in asking, if the same *theory* is also able to provide for those who, in the event of the breaking of this compact, may then find themselves thrown on the world deprived of a support on which they have learned to depend?

I now come to my last point.

Statesmen have their reasons for claiming to take education into their own hands and for making it their own work. We are benefactors, say they, of society in so doing, and as such we are entitled to general gratitude and support.

Statesmen have not been at all times equally enthusiastic about education, or disposed to make it so much their own concern ; there have been long periods of history when they have been satisfied to leave education very much to the discretion of parents, and have troubled themselves extremely little about it. But at the present time statesmen claim it as their province ; and in taking it into their own hands they appear to contemplate beneficial results of the following kind :

I. As regards the youthful portion of the population, that the secular education of their schools shall produce a complete reformation amongst them.

II. As regards adults, that their education will produce (1.) such a taste for the cultivation of scientific pursuits, such a thirst for knowledge, as will infallibly wean the population from falling into those sensual vices and excesses which, by corrupting and degrading a people, sap the political prosperity of the state.

(2.) It will produce among the people a better observance of the laws, and diminish the number of crimes which come before the courts of judicature, crimes being the fruits of ignorance.

(3.) It will inspire the people with that self-respect and self-confidence which is the best security for respect for social order and the stability of government. Thus state education will be the strength of the state, for revolutions too are the fruits of ignorance.

It is certainly natural and fair to take a glance at the results of the sort of education which theirs professes to be, if there is any thing tangible and apparent in the way of results to which an appeal can be made. To wish to come at once to an issue upon the question of results, it is true, might be premature ; for state education in England, properly so called, is a thing rather in embryo than in real life, as regards actual state measures and living state organisations for carrying it into execution, and there are consequently no results of any importance that can be indisputably laid at its door. But as we have had for some years in England and Scotland, on no small scale, a kind of education tolerably akin in its idea and plan to what state education really is, and as it is the peculiarity of the English as a nation that what are in themselves statesmen's ideas and plans are carried into execution by the people independently of ministerial intervention, the merits of the state plan of education, which is as yet only in its infancy, cannot be considered wholly independent of the results of the kind of education of which we have now more than a quarter of a century's experience. To these results, therefore, an appeal can be fairly and reasonably made.

A far-sighted statesman is necessarily a man versed in history ; for it is from history that he derives the experience of the past, by which he shapes his course and forms his judgment. Hence it is that many statesmen have also been historians ; and were historians, in like manner, gifted with the practical sagacity, promptitude in action, and talents for business, which a statesman requires, they would also make the best statesmen. On a question, therefore, of state policy, the testimony of an historian possesses a just and natural weight. With regard, then, to the question of the results of education, if we can find a living historian who has maturely considered the bearing of the subject, who has well weighed and examined into evidence on the matter, his testimony will best answer the purpose, and will throw a light upon the question which even statesmen themselves cannot refuse to consider.

The historian whom I shall select with this view is Mr. Alison, author of the *History of Europe during the French Revolution* ; and it will be at once admitted that the peculiar line of his historical studies, being the history of the workings of modern, not to say almost of living



European society, gives an additional value to his testimony. The particular work I shall quote, it is true, was written in 1840; but as the period of time now referred to extends beyond the quarter of a century, and as the author, moreover, is still living to answer for his work, the twelve years that have elapsed cannot be said to have rendered his testimony in any sense antiquated or out of date.

Touching the promise of a juvenile reformation of manners as one of the expected fruits of a state education, Mr. Alison quotes the testimony of the author of *Old Bailey Experience* to this effect:

"The national schools have taught their scholars immorality, hence the demoralisation of the rising generation. The very calling together of so many children daily, without some plan being first laid down of a moral guardianship over them, justifies the assertion that they are taught *immorality*, and I will add (for I know it) *crime*, at these establishments. There is nothing of a mental nature performed in them; a hundred boys at one time are taught to bawl out, '*Lon, lon, don, don, London,*' with a few more words, which leads them in the end to learn just enough of reading to enable them to peruse a twopenny life of Turpin or Jonathan Wild; when with this, and when they have taught each other such matter as they gather from their honest and virtuous parents, their education is completed, and they are fully qualified to figure in the streets as — pickpockets. It needed not inspiration nor prophetic powers to see that the national schools must necessarily become sharers in the crime in disorganising society. . . . In these schools not one moral axiom is inculcated, no precepts of principle are instilled into the mind, all is mere rote and mechanism; and their scholars offer to the world the most extraordinary collection of tyros in crime ever seen or heard of in its history."\*

I may remark by the way, with regard to the above testimony, that if it be objected that the schools in question are far better organised than they were at the time this was written, and that it is not consequently a fair account of them at the present time, it is obvious to answer that the absence of moral guardianship remains the same, and that in this, which is the essential point, there has been no improvement. The ensuing extract, however, from an American newspaper of August 1851, which I copy as it stands from the respectable provincial paper in which I met with it, brings the testimony down to the present time:

"*Increase of Crime in New York.*—By the report of the Secretary of State, which has just been published, it appears that crime during the last few years has been increasing as regularly as our imports and exports, or the growth of our population. In ten years, we learn by this report, crime has doubled in this state. We have seen various causes alleged for this deplorable result, but none of them in our opinion are satisfactory, or reach the root of the evil. We suspect very much that the important revolution which has taken place in our system of common school-education during the last few years has materially increased juvenile delinquency and crime of every degree. Under the impulses of philosophy and socialism, which have operated very much on our politicians and on our elections for the last fifteen years, the school system of this state has been constructed entirely on philosophical principles, without regard to religion, revelation, Christianity, or any of those doctrines on which human society is best founded. In fact, under the present system of education, all moral and religious instruction seems to be banished from our schools, and the education of the youthful mind is confined merely to its intellectual and material developments. Materialism—that modern system of philosophy which ignores a future

\* Alison on Population, vol. ii. p. 325.

life, and looks on revelation as a blank—has seized on our school system, and given a direction to all the youthful exercises of the day.—The consequences of rearing the youthful generation in intellectual or material principles merely, without reference to revealed religion or Christian morals, are beginning to be seen in the extraordinary growth and increase of crime, which has been doubled during the last ten years—a space of time covered by these philosophical, material, and mere intellectual methods of instruction.”—*New York Herald*, Aug. 1851.

The theory of state education is, that the destructive pleasures of sense are to be counteracted by the pleasures of knowledge.

Mr. Alison reasons as follows on the little antecedent likelihood of this being found to be the case :

“Can it be affirmed that any class of men in the state,—the Peers, the Commons, the Church, the bar, the medical profession, the mercantile community,—have generally found in the attractions of science, or in the study of philosophy, any effectual antidote to the stimulus of the senses?” A certain proportion, he admits, may do so; but, he adds, “Can it be affirmed that this is *generally* the case? Does it obtain with the majority? Are such habits ever to be found except in the small minority? No man ever yet found a fifth part of his acquaintance in whom intellectual cultivation or studious habits formed any counterpoise whatever to irregular or vicious habits.” (Vol. ii. p. 305.) And again (p. 330): “It is hopeless to expect that intellectual pleasures, never at any time capable of being felt by more than one in ten, and attended in the outset with such distasteful qualities, can when left to themselves stand for a moment in competition with those of sense or fancy, with licentious novels, demoralising poetry, infidel abuse, levelling misrepresentation. . . . This is not peculiar to the lower orders, it pervades alike every walk of life—the Peers, the Commons, the Church, the bar, the army. No man ever found a twentieth part of his acquaintances, even in the most cultivated and intellectual classes, who really derived pleasure from the pursuits of the understanding, or who would prefer them to other enjoyments, if they could abandon them without risk to their professional prospects. We cannot expect in ploughmen and weavers a degree of intellectual capacity which we look for in vain at the bar or in the House of Commons.”

Statesmen, however, confidently expect the contrary to be result in the case of the multitude. Is their expectation well founded? Mr. Alison continues :

“One curious and interesting fact has been brought to light by the French statistical inquiries on this subject. It appears, as M. Guerry has pointed out, that the great majority of licentious females come from the northern and most highly educated provinces of France. Deplorable as this result is, it is still not surprising. *Over education* is the common source of the passions to which they owe their ruin. . . . The statistical details taken, by which it appeared that in ten ordinary circulating libraries in London there were only twenty-seven volumes on morality and religion in them, and above 1500 fashionable, indifferent, or libertine novels, evidently enough shew what an abundance of inflammable matter is poured into the minds of the young of both sexes by this unrestrained system of reading. . . . Philanthropy pictures to itself the studious mechanic consuming his midnight oil over the labours of the mighty dead, or the weary labourer delighting his family by reading after the hours of toil are over; but *experience* exhibits to us the operative sitting in an alehouse with dissolute companions, enlivening drink with the effusions of the democratic press; pale factory-girls devouring



the most licentious publications of the day ; or delicate sempstresses working fourteen hours in close confinement, and listening all the time to one of their number who reads eternal descriptions of the intrigues and dissipations of high life : need we be surprised, after a few years of such tuition, that 50,000 unfortunate females nightly walk the streets of London" (p. 315).

Education, however, of course produces beyond all doubt a great diminution of the crimes that come before courts of law.

Scotland, says Mr. Alison, is the great example to which the advocates of secular education constantly point, as illustrating the effect of intellectual cultivation upon the character of mankind. That country has witnessed the progress of schools and education at a rapid rate ; of course crime has proportionably diminished.

"It appears," says Mr. Alison, "from the evidence laid before the combination committee last session of parliament (1839), that the progress of felonies and serious crimes in Glasgow during the last sixteen years has been beyond all precedent alarming ; the population having during that period advanced about seventy per cent, while serious crime has increased *five hundred per cent.* Crime over the whole country is advancing at a very rapid rate, far beyond the increase of the population. In England the committals, which in 1813 were 7000, in 1837 were 23,000, that is to say, they had tripled in twenty-four years. This advance will probably be considered by most persons as sufficiently alarming in the neighbouring kingdom ; but it is small compared to the progress made by Scotland during the same period, where serious crimes have advanced from 89 in 1815 to 3418 in 1838, being an increase in twenty-four years of more than thirty-fold.

Lastly, statesmen expect that their education, by inspiring men with self-confidence and respect, will be certain to draw them over to the side of *social order*, and thus add to the stability of the state. Hence Sir Robert Peel, in his celebrated Tamworth speech, says : "I beseech you to enter upon the path that leads to knowledge ; you will be cheered onward by a voice from within of self-confidence and self-respect." Mr. Alison takes rather a different view.

"Every person," he writes, "who has observed the condition of the middling and working classes of society of late years, must have noticed in them, and more particularly in the most intelligent and intellectual of their number, a dissatisfaction with their situation, a feverish restlessness and desire for change, an anxiety to get out of the sphere of physical into that of intellectual labour, and an incessant craving after immediate enjoyment either of the fancy or of the senses. This is the natural consequence of the means of reading being extended to the masses of the people, without attention to their moral discipline or religious improvement. They are accustomed by the books they read to alluring and very often exaggerated descriptions of the enjoyments arising from wealth, rank, and power. They become in consequence discontented with their own situation, and desirous by any means to elevate themselves into that magic circle of which they have heard so much. In the sober paths of honest industry they see no prospect of speedily obtaining the object of their desires ; they are prompted, therefore, to change their line of life in the hopes of ameliorating their condition, and more rapidly elevating themselves to the ranks of their superiors. Disappointment awaits them in the new line, equally as in the old. They become bankrupt and desperate, and terminate their career by penal transportation, voluntary exile, and swelling the ranks of the seditious and disaffected."



Now were statesmen, in the justification of their ideas and systems of education, to say that Mr. Alison's testimony on this head is gratuitous and without foundation, they would find themselves confronted by the following facts, which are phenomena that have appeared since Mr. Alison wrote. Educated England gives birth to increasing numbers of discontented Chartists; educated France to great multitudes of socialists and communists; educated Germany to numerous partisans of rebellion and insurrection; educated America to a great increase in the number of criminals against the laws. All these, in the eyes of statesmen, are phenomena in their nature subversive of the state; and yet each of these forms of political evil mainly recruits its principal adherents from that class of persons who, in compliance with Sir Robert Peel's entreaties, have "entered upon the path which leads to knowledge, and have found themselves cheered onwards by a voice from within of self-confidence and self-respect." If Sir Robert Peel had but had the good fortune to have said, confidence in *self alone*, and respect for *self alone*, and in nothing else besides, either God or state, but only on *self and self alone*, he would have given an excellent description of the fruits of state education, and might have almost passed for a prophet of political events that have come, and seem yet likely to come to pass.

I beg to offer my kind acknowledgments for the privilege that has been granted to me of occupying your columns with the above reflections; and remain, Mr. Editor, your very obliged servant,

A CATHOLIC PRIEST.

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#### LIST OF BOOKS SUITABLE FOR CATHOLIC LENDING-LIBRARIES.

THE following lists do not profess to be complete; and in a future Number we may probably furnish a supplement to them. The second might of course have been almost indefinitely enlarged; but we feared to discourage an undertaking whose success we have much at heart by seeming to propose it on too grand a scale. The same motive has induced us to make a distinction also between the books we have recommended, and to place in the first list those which we consider most necessary to *begin with* in founding a Catholic lending-library. We believe, that all the books contained in the two lists together might be purchased for about 20*l.*, and that not more than two-fifths of this sum would be necessary to procure those in the first list. There can be no doubt, however, but that in a great number of instances a large proportion of the books on these lists could be supplied gratuitously from the bookshelves of the more wealthy members of the congregation, and so the expense of establishing these libraries be considerably diminished.

##### *List, No. 1.*

###### BURNS AND LAMBERT.

History of England.  
Sketches of Catholic Life.  
Cottage Conversations.  
Schmid's Historical Tales.  
Popular Natural History.  
Mary, Star of the Sea.  
Four Years' Experience, &c.

Newman's Lectures on Present Position of Catholics, &c.  
Little Flower-Garden.  
Snowdrop.  
Children of Mary.  
Select Plays of Shakspeare.  
Tales of Adventure by Sea and Land.  
Clifton Tracts, 2 vols.

168 *List of Books suitable for Catholic Lending-Libraries.*

Balmez, Protestantism and Catholicity compared.  
Robinson Crusoe.  
Gordon's Reasons for Conversion.  
Capes' Bible History.

DOLMAN.

Wiseman's Lectures on the Catholic Church.  
Keenan's Catechism of Christian Religion.  
Keenan's Controversial Catechism.  
Ravignan on Institute of Jesuits.  
Life of Sir Thomas More.  
Audin's Life of Henry VIII.  
The Young Communicants.  
De Maistre on Spanish Inquisition.  
——— the Pope.  
Geraldine.  
Duties and Happiness of Domestic Service.  
James Jordan.

DUFFY.

Bossuet's Variations.  
Liguori's Heresies.  
——— Victories of Martyrs.  
Reeves' Church History.  
Mrs. Herbert, or the Villagers.

Life of St. Dominic.  
——— St. Elizabeth of Hungary.  
——— St. Vincent of Paul.  
——— St. Francis Xavier.  
Father Drummond.  
Bishop turned Slave.  
Lost Genevieve.  
Sundays at Lovel Audley.  
Orsini's Life of our Blessed Lady.  
Benjamin, or the Pupil of the Christian Brothers.  
The Virgin Mother and Child Divine.

RICHARDSON.

Catholic Instructor.  
Butler's Lives of Saints.  
Challoner's Missionary Priests.  
Milner's End of Controversy.  
——— Letters to a Prebendary.  
Poor Man's Catechism.  
Old Fashion Farmer's Motives.  
Lamp of the Sanctuary.  
Fourfold Difficulty of Anglicanism.  
Marie, or the Fisherman's Daughter.  
The Black Lady.  
Maxims and Examples of the Saints.  
Life of St. Aloysius Gonzaga.  
——— Bernard Overberg.

*List, No. 2.*

BURNS AND LAMBERT.

Graces of Mary.  
Household Tales and Traditions of England, France, &c.  
Loss and Gain.  
Manzoni's Betrothed.  
Jesuit in India.  
Sunday in London.  
Gulliver's Travels.  
Arabian Nights.

*Miscellaneous.*

Cardinal Pacca's Memoirs.  
Maitland's Dark Ages.  
——— Reformation.  
Huc's Travels in Thibet.

DOLMAN.

Waterworth's Council of Trent.  
Wiseman's Lectures on Connexion between Science, &c.  
Wiseman on Holy Week.  
——— on Real Presence.  
Price's Sick Calls.  
Home of the Lost Child.  
Father Oswald.  
Stothert's Glory of Mary.

Orsini's Flowers of Heaven.  
Rev. T. Power's Selections from the Lettres Edifiantes.  
Annals of the Propagation of Faith.  
Kenrick's Primacy of the Apostolic See.  
Kenrick's Validity of Anglican Orders.  
Lingard's Anglo-Saxon Church.  
M'Cabe's History of England.

DUFFY.

Ward's Errata of Protestant Bible.  
Liguori's Glories of Mary.  
Smet's Missionary Travels.  
Josephine.  
Father Rowland.  
Willie Burke.  
Pauline Seward.  
Griffin's Stories.

RICHARDSON.

Madden's Penal Laws.  
The Catholic Florist.  
Life of Dr. Gentili.  
The English Pope Adrian IV.  
M'Cabe's Hungarian Revolution.  
——— Legend of St. Ethelbert.

# The Rambler.

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## PART LVII.

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### CONTENTS.

	PAGE
POPULAR EDUCATION . . . . .	169
HISTORICAL SKETCHES OF DEVOTIONS TO THE BLESSED SACRAMENT. No. VII. Miracles wrought by the Holy Eucharist . . . . .	179
KATE GEAREY; OR, IRISH LIFE IN LONDON . . . . .	195
THE HYMNS OF THE CATHOLIC CHURCH . . . . .	219
REVIEWS. — ACHILLI v. NEWMAN; OR, THE ENCHANTED MIRROR. Finlason's Report of the Trial and preliminary Proceedings in the case of G. Achilli v. Dr. Newman . . . . .	226
SHORT NOTICES.—Waterworth's Examination of the Origin, Progress, Principles, and Practices of the Society of Jesus.—A reply to Reasons for abjuring Allegiance to the See of Rome.—Sergeant Shée's Letter to the Hon. A. Kinnaid.—A Protestant Nonconformist's Sketches of the true Genius of Popery.—A Prayer-book for the Young after First Communion.—Annals of the Institution of the Holy Childhood.—Borgo's Novena for the Feast of the Sacred Heart of Jesus Christ.—Dr. Newman's Sermons: The Second Spring.—Strain's Discourse at the Funeral Service of Right Rev. Dr. Carruthers.—The Clifton Tracts . . . . .	239
CORRESPONDENCE.—THE CULTIVATION OF SINGING IN POOR-SCHOOLS.—DEVOTION OF ST. WINEFRIDE.—CATHOLIC LENDING-LIBRARIES . . . . .	242
ECCLESIASTICAL REGISTER.—Synodical Letter of the Fathers assembled in Provincial Council at St. Mary's, Oscott . . . . .	248



### To Correspondents.

Correspondents who require answers in private are requested to send their complete address, a precaution not always observed.

We cannot undertake to return rejected communications.

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